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To the Readers of THE SIGN.

My Dear Friends:

On Sunday, May 18, at 3.30 P. M., an impressive Departure Ceremony in honor of the fourth band of Passionist Missionaries to China will take place in St. Michael's Monastery Church, West Hoboken, N. J.

His Excellency, the Most Reverend Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, D. D., personal representative of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, will preside. The sermon will be preached by the Passionist Provincial, the Very Reverend Stanislaus Grennan, C. P.

To you all a cordial invitation to attend this solemn service is hereby extended. For the aid you have given and are giving and will, I am sure, continue to give our Missionaries you are numbered among their chief benefactors. We will gladly send you, on request, tickets for reserved seats.

This fourth band, numbering twelve Missionaries, is the largest, we believe, ever to have left America for the missions in China.

It is composed of Fathers Gregory McEttrick, Cyprian Frank, Anthony Maloney, William Westhoven, Jeremiah McNamara, Rupert Langenbacher, Theophane Maguire, Godfrey Holbein, Terence Connolly, Basil Bauer, Ernest Cunningham and Clement Seybold.

Accompanying the Missionaries is the Very Reverend Matthias Mayou, C. P., who as Father Provincial's representative, will make a thorough study of the needs of our Chinese Missions.

It is certainly a matter of commendable pride for the Passionist Order in America not only willingly to have given these brilliant priests to China, but also to have reared and trained them and made them what they really are—Another Twelve Apostles!

In all the glow of their fresh young manhood they have, of their own volition, generously sacrificed everything near and dear to the human heart that they may consecrate their talents and their lives to the exaltation of Christ Crucified in pagan China and to labor unstintingly in behalf of the souls for whom He died.

Undoubtedly it is a privilege to be allowed to help them in whatever way we can. Especially are you asked to pray for them that God's blessing overshadow them, that they may have strength of soul in their arduous labors, that for our Lord's sake they may reap an abundant harvest.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

P. S. We have had made some beautiful group photographs of the Missionaries. You can have one for the asking. Address: THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. III

MAY, 1924

No. 10

Current Fact and Comment

CHRIST AND THE POETS

WHILE perfidious theologians are engaged in dishonoring the Savior and in eradicating the love and esteem of Him from the minds and hearts of men, the poets have taken up the burden of exalting Him, carrying to many the message of His love, His life and of His woeful Passion.

It is as if these true seers had discovered at last the futility of love and friendship, the fickleness of beauty, the hollowness of pleasure when Christ is in no way recognized as their eternal prototype, as their source or their term. Of contemporaneous verse with such a theme sufficient has been gathered for an anthology, the compiler of which, Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, observes, "The general run of poets formerly wrote almost entirely about love, companionship, the joys of nature, the delight of delight and very specially sadness of sadness. Only very rarely will you find a poem on Christ mingled with those on life's general problems or the beauty of the world.

"Since 1900, particularly since 1910, times have changed. Something has happened. Some incident in the life of Christ or some quality of His character is now securely established in nearly every book of poetry. The dramatic quality of His human career, the miracle of His personality has been discovered."

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

THERE is a peculiar charm about Catholic life and customs in their original settings. Hence we find romantic writers frequently introducing them when they wish to sustain the innocence of a character or to keep their story on a wholesome plane. It is thus that American audiences have become familiar with the sight of characters on the screen more or less reverently blessing themselves. Concerning this

venerable act of devotion the *Baltimore Catholic Review*, after informing us that Jackie Coogan is a good little Catholic boy, who loves his religion, likes to say his rosary and goes frequently to Holy Communion, and that his parents are paying strict attention to his religious training, adds:

Catholics who have had the pleasure of seeing Jackie in "Long Live the King" can testify that Jackie has been taught, among other things, how to bless himself with the Sign of the Cross. In many films in recent years screen actors have been shown blessing themselves. Alas! the Sign of the Cross made by the average actor is a travesty and an insult. The act is performed without the slightest reverence as a rule, and indicates that the one making it has no thought of what he is doing. When Jackie Coogan kneels down at his bed and makes the Sign of the Cross in "Long Live the King," he blesses himself with the greatest reverence. A priest who saw the little star in that production recently, commenting on Jackie's Sign of the Cross, said, "No moving-picture director taught him that. Jackie's Sign of the Cross is made from his heart and is practised day and night. You can count on that.

Many an older follower of the Crucified may find cause for compunction in this simple narrative.

ABOLISHING THE CALIPHATE

THE abolition of the Caliphate by the Turkish Republic adds another momentous episode to the history of this generation. By this amazing action the Turks appeared deliberately to sever the bond that united them intimately with Islam, a bond that was their most effective instrument in coercing the Western Powers.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha offers an explanation for this astonishing procedure. The Caliphate had become a sinister political influence and an impediment to the progress of the nation. The expulsion was an-

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alogous, Kemal declared, to Italy's expelling the Pope from temporal power, but more justifiable, inasmuch as the Pope's claim to temporal authority did not imply any encouragement on the part of the head of the Roman Church to alienate a section of Italy from national unity. Specifying that the Caliph was expelled as a political-religious functionary, the Pasha affirmed, "My country has had no quarrel with him or the office of the Caliphate as the head of the Moslem faith."

He uses the term "faith," and we are led to inquire what idea in the mind of an enlightened Turk corresponds with that term? He may proudly survey the vast regions still under the sway of Mohammedanism and the millions who have fiercely clung to its tenets since the day Charles Martel halted their impetuous course at the banks of the Loire. Nevertheless, it is inconceivable that he can contemplate it all as the exploitation of a *faith* in the true sense of the term. The sham of Mohammedanism is further revealed in the life and character of its founder and in the grotesque pretense of a religious constitution as embodied in the Koran.

No history is so deeply imbued with blood and perfidy as that which records the Caliphate succession, no conquest was ever essayed that relied more completely on terrorism and brute force and the lust for booty and sensuous pleasure. Neither can the modern Turk find a consistent basis for religious faith in the memory of his founder, a polygamist, a barbarous intriguer, and one whose purported revelations scholars generally rank as impostures or delusions.

It has been claimed that Mohammedanism accomplished instantly what it took Christianity over three centuries to gain. No comparison, on serious analysis, could be more favorable to Christianity. Not with the sword but against the sword, not with soft promises but with the Gospel of self-denial did Christianity overcome the world.

The religion of the ordinary Moslem consists of a rigid discipline of prayer, of hope in a heaven of sensuous delights and of implacable hatred of Christians. For centuries this hatred, fostered by their secular rulers, has been an effective barrier to the sublime message of Christianity. The disruption of Church and State in the most powerful member of the Moslem family should tend to dissolve that hatred and fanaticism.

THE MOTHER OF SAINTS

THE proposal to introduce a process of canonization in the Anglican Church follows the admission that none of the 67 Black Letter Saints in their Revised Calendar were enrolled since the Establishment. When, in order to make the Calendar representative, such names as Keble, F. D. Maurice, an Earl

(the seventh) of Shaftesbury and Florence Nightingale are proposed, we are reminded that numerous pious and zealous lives have been developed in the bosom of Anglicanism. But we are quite sure that any process electing them to sainthood would be in striking contrast with that of the Church which requires heroic virtue in the candidate during his earthly career and, afterward, evidence that he has found favor with God based on strictly authenticated miracles. The *Catholic Universe* of London does not let the occasion pass without asking why Martin Luther, Henry VIII, Cranmer and Good Queen Bess are excluded, and adds, "There is no need to pry too closely into their private lives, and at least they helped to put the Church of England on its feet. If a place could be found for them, there is no reason to fear that too great strain would be put on their intercession."

Between the years 1500 and 1882 the Catholic Church canonized 86 of her faithful and beatified. Of these 416 Saints and Blessed, 297 suffered martyrdom for the faith and 118 were proven to have practised virtue in a heroic degree. According to their state of life they are thus classified: secular ecclesiastics and ordinary faithful 102, of the religious orders 314. Of these latter there were 90 Franciscans, 59 Jesuits, 19 Dominicans, 3 Augustinians, 2 Trinitarians, 2 Norbertinians, 1 Oratorian, 1 Lazarist, 1 Passionist, 1 Redemptorist, 1 Barnabite, 1 Camillian and 5 from other religious bodies.

According to their nationality there were 76 Italians, 60 Spaniards, 37 Portuguese, 14 French, 13 Dutch, 5 Belgians, 4 Germans, 2 Poles, 1 Dane and 1 Russian. Of Asiatics there were 87 and 7 were Americans. There's the true Church with her marks of sanctity and universality.

* * * * *

In his latest play, "St. Joan," George Bernard Shaw employs his weird and perverted genius in a deliberately irreverent portrayal of one whom the Church had but recently canonized. The critic who rebukes the eccentric playwright in the *Dearborn Independent* is familiar with the rigid process by which the Church claimed for St. Joan of Arc the highest honors of sainthood. He says:

It remains for Shaw to make St. Joan the target of his ribald attention. He gives us a saint with her halo cocked rakishly over one ear, as gabby as a barmaid and behaving herself generally as any saint of Shaw's making would be expected to do.

Joan of Arc was for centuries the inspirational name in the national life of France. Even the mad fanatics of the anti-religious political element in that country were wise enough to keep their desecrating touch off her. The Catholic Church after hundreds of years of investigation, through the successive stages

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of venerability, beatification and canonization has enrolled her name on the list of its Saints.

There is no sign from Rome that the Vatican has thrown its age-old rules of canonization into the Tiber and adopted those set up by Shaw. In the process leading up to the enrollment of any name in the category of the Saints there is in the last stage a person whose duty it is to introduce all possible evidence and arguments against the life and record of the candidate. He is called, in the language of the Church, the "devil's advocate"*** Shaw has chosen that grizzly role for himself, and his line of action has been to laugh the candidate out of court.

This effort at humor cannot help but fill with irritation those who have a respect for decent tradition and the established facts of history.

"WRITE YOUR CONGRESSMAN"

THE *Philadelphia Public Ledger* strives to rally its readers to the support of a certain national issue thus:

The only hope for the . . . plan is incessant and savage public pressure. It depends upon the individual citizen's work by letter, telegram, petition, resolution and word of mouth. If he does not want to pay high taxes all the days of his life, to see them mount higher, now is his time to act and today is his day of future salvation.

This is one of the most forcible paraphrases on the popular slogan "Write your Congressman" that we have met with.

It is gratifying to find it implied that our political representatives are still sensitive to the wishes of their constituents. But it is the radicals, the fanatics and those with special interests who spare no effort to influence the legislators while the sane people stand idly by.

Never, at one time, were so many vital issues awaiting approbation as are at present under consideration by our lawmakers: Birth Control, Federal Control of Education, Equal Rights for Women and certain restrictions on Immigration. It so happens that Catholic opinion is opposed to all of them. But this is solely because Catholic principles are identical with the broad principles of truth, justice and morality, and because Catholic interests can be identified with the vital interests of the nation.

If the aforesaid legislators are acquainted with the sentiment of the great Catholic body on these momentous issues it is due to the Catholic Press and, more directly, to the men and women, representatives of our national organizations, who have so ably confronted the opposition in lobby and committee room.

The pressure thus applied should be reinforced by Catholics everywhere who are conversant with these

issues and are able forcibly to express themselves in regard to them.

MR. REED AND THE TOWNER-SMITH BILL

WHEN it was announced in the press that The Education Bill would be introduced in Congress again and that Mr. Reed would be its chief backer, some of his friends in Dunkirk, N. Y., his home town, called on him and asked if it were true. They found it hard to believe that a man of his character would lend himself to a movement at variance with the basic principles on which our government rests. But Mr. Reed frankly admitted that it was true, and he gave the plausible views set forth by the proponents of the Bill in explanation of his interest in it—that it would lessen illiteracy, Americanize foreigners, give greater efficiency, help poor States, secure higher salaries, impress visitors from abroad, etc., etc.

His friends replied that they regarded the Bill as unconstitutional; that it was a plain and useless invasion of the power and rights of the States; that no clause in the Constitution authorizes or even contemplates the possibility of Federal intervention in the schools of the States. On the contrary, with direct intent the framers of the Constitution ruled that all such power should be denied the Federal Government. This was to be left to the several States and to the people. Freedom of worship and freedom of conscience called for freedom of education as long as it squares with the requirements for good citizenship.

These gentlemen added that they well knew that the propaganda in favor of the Bill was strong and resourceful, that it was well financed and well organized, and that its arguments were alluring and specious. But it was un-American and would ultimately lead to a denial of parental authority and parental responsibility which are natural and inalienable rights. It would outlaw private schools, many of which are maintained for moral and religious training, and this as a conscientious duty. It would be a grave violation of freedom of conscience and would destroy the guarantee of religious liberty given by the Constitution to all citizens of the United States.

Free choice by parents of teachers and schools for their children was in no sense the business of the State, still less of the United States. To interfere with it would be fundamentally un-American in principle and purpose. Sound American citizenship being secured, education should be free unless we admit the doctrine that the child is the ward of the State, and this would be Sovietism.

These gentlemen assured Mr. Reed that they gave expression not to their own personal views

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simply, but to the views of the Catholic Hierarchy and twenty millions of their people in the United States; that the leading educators of the country and other great religious bodies were of the same mind; and that the country at large stood for freedom of education as well as for freedom of conscience and freedom of worship.

To save the faith and morals of their children and their loyalty to the country, Catholics maintained their own schools and this at great cost to themselves; and the country has long since passed its judgment on these schools and their service to the State. They need only point to the fact that 40 per cent in the Army and Navy during the World War were Catholics and had been trained in these schools, and were grandly loyal to America.

Mr. Reed was courteous and in a receptive state of mind. He was pleased to hear from these friends what they thought of this Bill for the creation of a Department of Education with a Secretary or Cabinet Officer in control of the schools of the country. He is a sound American. He understands the nature of our Government and the spirit of our country as well as any man in Congress. He knows the charge made by many of keen observation that encroachments from Washington are gradually destroying the constitutional independence of the States. We have a dual system of government established by the Constitution—the Federal Government and the sovereign States. The United States has no claim to any authority but such as the States have surrendered to it. It can claim no powers which are not granted to it by the Constitution. There is to be no centralized bureaucracy. The States are by right and fact free and independent. This dual system of government established by the Constitution must be preserved, and to hold these two governments, each in its separate sphere, is the duty of the Supreme Court of the United States. Americans are jealous of innovations that affect their form of government. Hence, Blocs, Organizations, Lobbyists, propagandists of all kinds who seek to change it are un-American. Hence statutes drawn by special interests, and enacted by the lash of fear or cowardice without regard for the principles of American life and government are a grave menace.

Mr. Reed declares that if he found that the Bill for a "Department of Education" were unconstitutional he would not favor it; if he found that its purpose was to transfer from the States to Washington control of their schools, he would not favor it; if it resulted in the invasion of parental right and authority in the education of the child, he would not favor it; if it meant the abrogation of private schools and the wholesome rivalry in education which they promote, he would not favor it; if it meant the closing of

the parochial school which stands for faith and morals and good citizenship as well, he would not favor it. He made no secret of the fact that the proponents of the Bill were trying to amend it so as to have it passed. They will not recede from their purpose. But it will be the same old "Towner-Smith Bill." Surely, all who love America and stand for civil and religious rights guaranteed by the Constitution to its citizens are of the same mind as the Honorable Daniel A. Reed of Dunkirk, N. Y.

THE PASSIONISTS IN BROOKLYN

THE Passionist Fathers have been affiliated with the large and thriving diocese of Brooklyn through their foundation at Shelter Island. Bishop Molloy has now approved their selection of a site at Hillside near Jamaica—a site combining rural solitude and accessibility, and thus admirably adapted to his purpose of having week-end retreats conducted for the men of his diocese. In approving this foundation His Lordship further expressed his assurance that a monastery thus located and in which the strict monastic rule and observance were maintained would be a notable spiritual asset and a source of edification to the community. Thus located, moreover, the Fathers can more conveniently lend that co-operation to the clergy of the diocese which for many years they have endeavored to extend in the various works of the ministry.

* * * * *

If the advantages of week-end retreats for men were duly appreciated, as they are in some of the Catholic communities of Europe, a score of retreat houses would be required to accommodate applicants in this metropolitan area containing the most numerous Catholic population in the world. Hitherto but one such establishment—Manresa—has served the purpose and striven to foster the idea in the midst of a Catholic population of three millions.

Ordinarily in the spiritual order we may not wait for the demand. We must first set up the apparatus of propagation. In the retreat movement a process of initiation is involved. Men are assured that pleasant and profitable experiences await them as a result of detaching themselves for a brief space from even legitimate associations—the family hearth, the laughter of children, the welcoming of friends, the daily achievements of skillful labor and the direction of talents in providing for the needs of the present or the contingencies of the future.

Each new House of Retreat established reaches new groups with the message of enlightened service, reveals to them the "better way," engenders in them the generous mood for personal holiness and for co-operating actively in every religious enterprise.

Our New American Cardinals in Rome

BY MARY L. HANDLEY

(Roman Correspondent of THE SIGN)

ONE may say that the eyes of the whole world have been for the past few days on this city of Rome and on the two conspicuous figures which the word of the Sovereign Pontiff brought across the seas to the supreme honor of receiving the *porpora cardinalizia* at his hands. The two Archbishops, George William Mundelein of Chicago, and Patrick Joseph Hayes of New York, representing two gigantic dioceses of the United States, arrived in the Eternal City on March 17. There was a goodly gathering at the station of Termini to meet them, composed mainly of Americans, but not exclusively.

During the week which followed their arrival, the Archbishops and their attendants had a strenuous time indeed. Privately they visited the Holy Father and many Cardinals and prelates whom it was necessary for them to see; then their entire wardrobe as Cardinals had to be provided, and tailors and merchants were in constant activity for them, while envoys and *cerimonieri* from the Vatican were continually arriving to rehearse the ceremonies which could take place. Added to this, innumerable visits of church dignitaries must be received every day, though secular visits of congratulation were deferred until after the Consistory. The incessant arrival of enormous budgets of mail, telegrams, and telephone messages would have been sufficient to crush not the Archbishops alone but a squad of secretaries. Two secretaries coped for each Cardinal-elect with this cyclone of business and of human kindness. One of them was asked how it had been, and he answered the one laconic word: "Terrible!" It was enough to stand for a few minutes in the lobby of the Palace Hotel, or in the court of the American College, to realize what was going on. Prelates in violet silk cloaks of cere-

mony, servants from the Vatican, tradespeople, wealthy Americans determined to see the Archbishops or die in the attempt. The word most frequently heard on the lips of all there was: "*Il Cardinale*." In a way it was delightful, and one almost wished *Il Cardinale* could for ten minutes be a poor fellow in a shabby coat sitting in the hall to see how all Rome was bestirring itself for His American Eminence.

One caught snatches of talk on the wing. A scandalized waiter: "I don't know what these Americans are thinking about! Here they are actually going to be Cardinals and haven't even got their clothes yet!" And the answer: "Worse, worse even than that! It's only four days to the ceremony and they haven't yet rehearsed the taking of the hat!" One wondered how the poor Cardinals would fare when the great day

came! But perhaps the American virtue of preparedness would somehow see them through.

On the days immediately preceding the Consistory the chief scene of activity was moved to the court and parlors of the American College, for there tickets for the Consistory were being distributed to citizens of the States. The supply was exhausted far sooner than the demand. But the grounds which

some persons alleged as their claim to receive a ticket were indeed weighty! "I tell you I came over in the same ship with the Archbishops, and do you suppose I am not a proper person to get a ticket?" More than one Italian-American was challenged by a virtuous porter. "These tickets are for Americans, you understand, not for Italians." "I am an American. I can prove it to you" (in sterling, unpolluted Roman speech). "There is my passport. Is it or is it not an eagle on it?" The porter weakly murmurs that he was joking, and Italy-America pockets his ticket.



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE HOLY FATHER

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THE private Consistory at which the Archbishops did not assist, was held in the Vatican on Monday, March 24. There they are nominated Cardinals, and immediately after it, messengers start from the Vatican with the so-called *biglietto* (the word means a card), by which the Sovereign Pontiff informs the recipient that he has named him a Cardinal of Holy Roman Church. A prelate of the Pope's household, a gentleman-in-waiting, and one or two attendants, bring the *biglietto* which is publicly handed to the newly named Cardinal. He passes the *biglietto* to one of the monsignori present to be read aloud. It is on this occasion that the envoy notifies the Cardinal-elect that His Holiness awaits him on the day and at the hour named, to impose the *berretta* upon him; the date named for our Archbishops being Wednesday, March 26th, at 5:30 P. M.

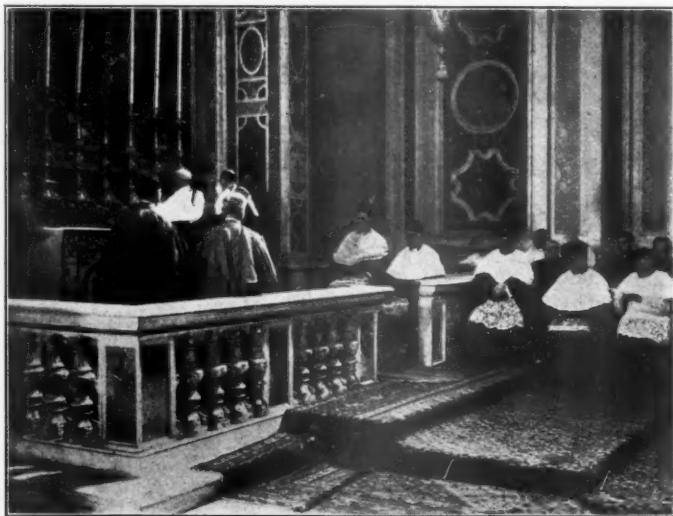
Perhaps of all the ceremonies of the creation of a new Cardinal, that of the imposition of the *berretta* is the most striking. Such, at least, it seems to the writer. The calling of the Cardinal by name—and how that name, so familiar, so dear, and invested with a sudden newness and strangeness of awe, rings to us as something we knew in a previous life, and now has passed into a high, far region, almost beyond our ken—the speaking, in a splendid and fearful isolation of that voice of the new Cardinal, heard at other times in places less potently suggestive than this one; and finally the allocution of the Holy Father, always so eloquent, so full of inspiration, and stirring one to the depth of one's soul because it is the voice of the Vicar of Christ, and because Pius XI, who does not use rhetoric, somehow probes the depths of the things whereof he speaks.

The two new Cardinals went first to the apartment of the Cardinal Secretary of State, and, escorted by him, proceeded to the Chapel called of the Countess Matilda, where they were to await the summons to the hall of the Consistory. Meanwhile the Holy Father was passing to the Hall of the Consistory where he ascended the throne. Around him was his

whole splendid Court. Many Archbishops and Bishops were present, as well as delegations from the two dioceses of Chicago and New York, and a considerable number of secular men and women. Yet, nevertheless, in spite of its solemnity, the ceremony has a certain character of intimacy. The grey-haired Cardinal Secretary of State sat at the right of the Throne; the other Cardinals do not attend the imposition of the *berretta*.

It was from the lips of the Sovereign Pontiff himself that the call of the name of the new Cardinals came: "Il Signor Cardinale Giorgio Guglielmo Mundelein." And the Prefect of Ceremonies echoed the words announcing the entrance of the person summoned. The Swiss came first, falling back with admirable precision to the sides of the door; then the members of the suite, then the new Cardinal accompanied by his *cerimoniere*. "Il Signor Cardinale Patrizio Giuseppe Hayes," and the same stately or-

and beautiful ceremonial is observed. The new Cardinals genuflect three times, once at the door, once half way to the throne, and a third time before the throne, then, bending low, kiss the foot of the Sovereign Pontiff. They remain kneeling at his feet while Pius XI, with the assistance of his Prefect of Ceremonies, Monsignor Carlo Respighi, places first upon the one and then upon the other, the scarlet



THE HOLY FATHER BLESSING THE CARDINALS' HATS

mozzetta or shoulder cape, and with his own hand, taking from a silver tray which is brought to him, the scarlet *berretta*. He places it firmly upon the head of each of the new Cardinals. Then rising to their feet, after kissing the hand of His Holiness and making him a profound bow, they pass to the left of the throne.

WHEN Cardinal Mundelein begins the address, which he makes in his own name and in that of Cardinal Hayes, the two Cardinals take their stand a few feet from the throne and facing the Holy Father. Space forbids reproducing the whole of this admirable discourse, though it was

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condensed to the greatest possible brevity, but it is certainly a cause of pride to Americans that the Cardinal spoke in pure and fluent Italian. The text has been given elsewhere and we only quote lines at random. "Most Holy Father, from those far shores divined by the great Genoese, we come . . . Conscious of our littleness, we do not approach the throne of Your Holiness without trepidation, but your goodness comforts us, that same goodness which stooped even to us, and which in these times of public calamity, following after the world war, makes of Your Holiness the Good Samaritan of suffering humanity, the providential Pontiff of charity modeled upon Him who *transiit benefaciendo*. Another thought, too, comforts and consoles us, and it is that Your Holiness in our humble persons has desired to give a tangible proof of your fatherly consideration and benevolence, not only to the faithful of our populous dioceses, but to all the Catholics of the United States, who place their chief glory in their faith, in their devotion to the See of St. Peter, and in their attachment to your sacred person."

IN enumerating the fruits of this active, productive faith, His Eminence names: "The schools insufficient to contain the numbers of our Catholic youth; the churches crowded with people; flourishing seminaries; convents and monasteries for religious of both sexes, and especially the spectacle, which inspires wonder in the strangers who visit our shores, of the numerous faithful who daily approach the Eucharistic Banquet. Yet it is there they receive the inspiration of charity with which, and not through ostentation, they always respond with generous transport to the appeals which Your Holiness addresses to them in every good cause. With their material alms they give always as well the alms of prayer." The Cardinal concludes with words of gratitude to the Holy Father for the honor conferred and implores the Apostolic Benediction upon the Catholic Church in the United States.

Rather deliberately, yet with deep earnestness, the Sovereign Pontiff begins his answer. He speaks slowly with a marvelous lucidity, sometimes pausing and feeling for a word, but his thought is so cogent, his conviction so profound, that it seems as if nothing else could be said, and as if it would be impossible to say it better or more forcefully. "Our most joyous, most affectionate welcome to you, Beloved Sons, come to this Rome which is Ours, Yours, and Theirs—all, who are our children; doubly welcome because you come as citizens and pastors of America. You will return to it Priests of the Holy Roman Church." This allusion of the Holy Father is to the rank of Cardinal which makes every ecclesiastic who receives it a Priest of the Diocese of Rome. The honor is considered so

great that many Cardinals in past ages signed themselves simply by their Christian name and the title: "Priest of the Holy Roman Church."

Of the Pontiff's speech, too, we quote only fragments. . . . "What you tell us of the great faith of your people, of the magnificent unfolding of their Christian life, of their flaming devotion to our holy faith and to Holy Church, toward the Vicar of Jesus Christ and toward Jesus Himself in the Eucharist, all this fills Us with the purest joy, and gives Us the golden key to the splendid mystery of that miracle of charity which your country ever offers to our eyes." The boundless admiration of the Sovereign Pontiff for America could not but strike his hearers. . . . "That country where every daring finds the way open before it, great means at its disposal, and successes no less great . . . A country in which the Divine Hand has accumulated so many treasures, and where men preserve in their mind and heart treasures immeasurably more precious of intelligence and goodness." (This sentence was reprinted in large letters in the secular press, so important did the reporters consider it.) . . . "The United States of America, by their intervention, decided the fates of Europe and of the world; and, on the other hand, their charity saves from starvation millions and millions of individual human lives." . . . "All this proves to us that we were well inspired in seeking ways and means to express to your people, all our gratitude, all our fatherly satisfaction, and to express it by honoring your persons with the sacred Roman scarlet."

AN altogether unexpected thing happened, however, as the Cardinals issued from the Consistory. They had to pass through the great Hall of the Guards, and the hall just at that moment was full of enthusiastic Americans. No sooner did the Cardinals appear than a spontaneous and quite unintended rush developed in their direction, and their progress was halted short while the swarm of smiling, cheering, hand-clapping fellow-citizens closed in around them, crying congratulations, and holding the Cardinals among them fast as if they never meant to let them go. It was perhaps the finest and most stirring ovation that their Eminences have received and was wholly unprepared.

The morrow, Thursday, March 27, the day of the public Consistory which was held for the first time in history in St. Peter's, broke cloudy and with a heavy mist. From the first hours people were already pouring in to the great basilica, and the thought of the universality of the Church was brought strongly to one's mind, for it would seem at first blush that the American Cardinals could not be of interest to any but Americans, and one found instead, almost with a little annoyance, that several Americans were not able to

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secure tickets, because the number was exhausted, while all around us cheerful French, German and Norwegian tourists were rattling away in their own tongues and craning their necks to see the American Cardinals. Only the thought of the universality of the Church, and of how much good it would do these people to see those two splendid Americans with their own eyes, could reconcile one to the situation.

The ceremony was to take place in the northern aisle of the basilica. The new Cardinals arrived early and went to the chapel of S. Petronilla, and, in the presence of the Cardinal Camerlengo of Holy Church and the Cardinal Camerlengo of the College of Cardinals, took the oath according to the Apostolic Constitutions. They then found their seats, where a red curtain screened them from the indiscreet curiosity of the public, to await the arrival of the Sovereign Pontiff. At ten o'clock Pius XI descended from the Vatican Palace to the basilica, and having made adoration for a few moments in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, went into the small sacristy beside it where even in old S. Peter's in medieval days the Pontiff was wont to vest, and then mounted the *sedia gestatoria*. The cortege as it advanced was splendid and awe-inspiring: innumerable Cardinals and prelates, Oriental Patriarchs, in strange head-gear, the whole colorful spectacle of the Pontifical Court in gorgeous costumes, the Noble Guard in dark blue and gold, the picturesque Swiss, all forming one mass of brilliancy. The Vicar of Christ passed slowly along the fenced spaces where the crowd pressed black and restless, blessing, blessing to right and left, without ceasing, until the Palefreniers who bore the chair turned into the reserved wide space around the throne. Here were the College of Cardinals, the diplomatic corps, the Knights of Malta and of the Holy Sepulchre, the Roman patricians and two royal princesses, Immaculata and Marguerite de Bourbon.

Before proceeding with the Consistory, the Consistorial lawyers pleaded before the Holy Father, the cause of beatification of Venerable Mario d'Avedo. When the Pontiff motioned that the lawyers might retire, the Cardinals who were to escort their two new colleagues to the presence of the Holy Father, left the enclosed space before the throne, and accompanied by the Swiss Guard, went to bring in processionally the Cardinals Elect. The latter approached the throne with the same ceremonial of three low bows, made at the entrance, middle and end of the enclosure, then kneeling, kissed the foot and the hand of His Holiness. Pius XI raised them up and embraced them so cordially that it seemed friendly effusion rather than the mere fulfillment of a ceremony. The Cardinals then exchanged a fraternal embrace with their colleagues, and went to their respective stalls, placing the red *berretta* for the first time in public assembly upon

their heads. The new Cardinals approached the throne once more, and kneeling before it, the important ceremony of the conferring of the hat, the *galerum rubrum*, was performed. The Holy Father read the prayers from the large book which was held at his left. Monsignor Respighi and Monsignor Callori, held the Red Hat above the head of the recipient, while the Sovereign Pontiff read the ritual prayers and blessed the *galerum* and the Cardinal receiving it. Their Eminences then stood aside and the Sovereign Pontiff, intoned the prayers for the solemn triple Benediction which he conferred upon all present. He was then assisted to his high seat of the *sedia gestatoria*, and the entire procession re-formed and moved down the church toward the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, the new Cardinals taking their places among the Princes of the Church, in a pontifical procession in S. Peter's.

HOW one's heart aches for the many friends across the sea who would have yearned to see this day! The gentle, saintly face of Hayes, under the silver hair; the fine, strong, humane face of Mundelein, so humorous and so kindly when he smiles. But in reality it is to the figure above, mitre-crowned, cope-clad in cloth of gold, and swaying up there on high, between the great white fans, and blessing, ever blessing as he goes, that all eyes are lifted; and, as he passes, the applause breaks out in waves, in a crescendo, castanet-like sound of clapping hands; and then the eager voices of the crowd burst forth: "Which are the new Cardinals?" "Do you see them?" But head and shoulders bow at the sign of that hand that waves, softly, rhythmically above while pious men and women bless themselves with the saving Cross.

In the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament the procession halts, and the Pontiff alights and puts off his robes of state, before kneeling in prayer and returning to the Vatican palace. The entire body of Cardinals, instead, with the two new Cardinals in their midst and preceded by the entire body of Pontifical Cantors in surplices, from small choir boys to white-haired veteran singers, form a fresh procession which threads its way back to the chapel of S. Petronilla chanting the "*Te Deum*" as they go. Two cushions have been placed upon the marble steps below the communion rail and there the new Cardinals are assisted to prostrate, lying face down, as on Good Friday morning, until the singing of the Ambrosian hymn is completed. Then rising, they turn and face their confreres, embracing each one of the Cardinals in turn. The Sacred College then escorts its new members to the Vatican palace, and into the Hall of the Consistory, where the final ceremony takes place behind closed doors. The Sovereign Pontiff, having entered and ascended the throne, with a symbolic gesture

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closes the mouths of the new Cardinals to signify the sacred trust reposed in them, and the loyalty and discretion which it requires. While their mouths are thus closed, he reads aloud the disposal he had made of several churches to new Bishops; then he proceeds to open the mouths of the Cardinals, another ceremony full of significance, and finally places upon their right hand the Ring of office, blessed by him, the completion of their espousal to the Church.

Before leaving his throne, the Sovereign Pontiff announces to the new Cardinals which Roman Churches he has assigned them for their titles, and

it is a pleasure to note that each one receives a church dedicated to the Holy Mother of God. His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein becomes titular of the very ancient and historic church of S. Maria del Popolo, upon the site of which a legend relates that Nero was buried beneath a walnut tree. Cardinal Hayes is appointed titular of S. Maria in Via, a foundation of less ancient origin, but nevertheless a noted church and well attended, in a central part of the city. It is directed by the Servite Fathers, and has over the high altar a rich shrine with the statue of Our Lady of Dolours.

The Case of Miss Minton

BY HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.

MISS BELLA MAINTON, teacher of the seventh-grade boys in the Garden School had a grievance against the whole world and against its youthful element in particular. Thirty years of teaching the young idea ought to make of a woman either a saint or a misanthrope. To all appearances Miss Minton was not a saint as yet; no saint was ever a misanthrope, and Miss Minton had convinced herself long ago that she was disgusted with the whole human race not excepting herself. The boys of the seventh grade would willingly admit that she was a misanthrope—that was almost too high-sounding a title to give her as if it might be some learned degree—so they just called her a “cranky old maid,” and let it go at that. No, not quite. The habits of a seventh grade would not let an unpopular teacher get off as easily as that. There was no fun in simply calling anyone a “cranky old maid.” Something more cutting, more cruel, must be devised to avenge the vengeance of the youth who hated arithmetic more than he hated Miss Minton, and who was punished by her because he ignored the claims of the despised branch. It was one of the budding poets of the class who devised the college yell of the seventh grade which from time to time assailed Miss Minton from the rear as she went on her unsmiling way.

“Bella, Bella,
Never had a fella.”

Miss Minton was well used to that battle-cry, but in spite of her efforts to seem unconcerned she blushed everytime it followed her. She could even decide to a nicety who the culprits were in spite of their attempt to disguise their voices, but she was too proud to refer to the matter in class for fear that she might be obliged to face the ridicule that would follow the confession that would let them know that she knew. Miss Minton would have died first. Put herself on a level with such hoodlumism Never!

But in spite of that she remembered who the culprits were every time they needed punishment for some other defection. Then they “got it good,” as they expressed it, and with every blow of the rattan which she administered there went on in her own mind an obligato of

“Bella, Bella,
Never had a fella.”

But the college yell continued with renewed vigor after every administration of punishment. It was dropped for a while when some new wag invented a new cry—

“Miss Minton
Has her paint on.”

That was positively vulgar to her who had never used such embellishments, and she was rather relieved when the new cry was dropped and her tormentors returned to the favorite and original

“Bella, Bella,
Never had a fella.”

No wonder then that Miss Minton after enduring this treatment for years was something of a misanthrope.

“And Catholic boys at that—most of them,” said she to herself one day in this the thirtieth year of her endurance. “Seems to me the priests ought to be able to give them a little more practical religion.”

BUT on the other hand the priests, and especially Father Mallon, the pastor of the church which Bella attended, had his idea that the teachers ought to be able to do more with these incorrigibles.

“There they have them all week long,” said he to his assistant, Father Goss, “and they don’t give them a bit of manly training let alone religion; then they expect that all the work of forming the children is going to be done by the priests in a few minutes on

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Sunday. Please God the day will come when we are able to have our own parish school. But that's a few years off yet, I'm sorry to say."

"I wish we had better Sunday-school teachers," said Father Goss. "Sunday-school is a makeshift of course, but I think that more could be done if we had the right kind of teachers. What is the matter with our Catholic teachers in the public schools? There are at least five of them in the parish and not one will condescend to teach catechism. Half of our Sunday-school teachers ought to be studying catechism themselves."

"Agreed," said Father Mallon; "but you can't drive the teachers. They are not an easy element to handle. Some years ago I asked Bella Mainton—she was the only teacher in the parish then—but she refused absolutely, said she had the children all week long and ought to have a little relief from them on Sunday."

"Perhaps it's just as well," said Father Goss. "The boys call her a 'cranky old maid.' She is far from being popular with them."

"A sour saint," said Father Mallon; "for to my mind Bella Mainton is something of a saint."

"A saint?" exclaimed Father Goss. "Well, as our old seminary director used to say—The saints in Heaven are charming people to live with, but the saints on earth—Wow!"

"Life is a serious proposition to the saints on earth," said Father Mallon. "And poor Bella has found it a very serious proposition. You know her story, I suppose."

"No, I never heard it. Don't tell me that Bella once had a romance in her young life. You know what I heard Jimmy Coughlin calling after her the other day? 'Bella, Bella, never had a fella.' I threatened to put him off the altar if I ever heard him again. He'll never do it again—at least he'll be sure that I am not around when he greets his dear teacher with poetry."

"Bella has had her romance," said Father Mallon, "but not that kind of romance. Let's see; Bella must be fifty if she's a day. She was about twenty-five when she decided to enter the convent. Her mother had died just before her graduation from the Normal School, three years before. I had been pastor here but a few months. Bella was a very devout girl. We had everything arranged for her entering the novitiate. And then her brother and her sister, both older than Bella, got married one right after the other, so that they might escape the burden of taking care of their father. The whole burden was left to Bella. Her father, old Billy Mainton, was never much of a provider—a good man, but a half invalid all the time. There was nothing for Bella to do but to put the convent idea out of her head while her father lived. He be-

came a complete invalid, a querulous, ungrateful invalid at that. But poor Bella never complained. She was the most devoted daughter I ever knew. He died only last year after using up all the youth and the hopes of his daughter, and after his death Bella found herself an old maid of fifty. Not much romance in that."

"Unless you call it a spiritual romance," suggested Father Goss, evidently impressed.

"Just that," said Father Mallon. "Bella is one of the despised 'old maids,' and it has been my experience that most of the old maids are just like that—women that have sacrificed all for the love of others—and the 'greatest of these is charity.' But just the same you might ask the teachers to give us a helping hand in the Sunday-school. There is Miss Collins, and Nora Grady, and Ella Murphy—who else?"

"And Miss Clemens—this is her first year here."

"But be sure to ask Bella first," said Father Mallon; "she's the dean and might take it amiss if she not asked first. But I'll be surprised if you can persuade her."

MISS MAINTON was unmoved by the persuasiveness of the young priest.

I am very sorry, Father Goss, "she said in her clear-cut, decisive manner, "but I must decline. Candidly, I'd go mad if I had those children another day in the week. It takes all Saturday and Sunday to recover from them; only for that I would not have the courage to face the new week. Those boys would drive a saint insane."

"Perhaps you are too sensitive, Miss Mainton," suggested Father Goss. "You know the old saw about old heads and young shoulders. It's my experience that the only way to win children is to be nice to them—to take them up in your arms as it were. Keep them at arm's length and they will—well—"

"And they'll call you a 'cranky old maid,' not you of course; but that's what they call me, and I dare say I am, but they have driven me to it. No, thank you, Father. I can also talk from experience, an experience of almost thirty years teaching. I know all the beautiful things that are said about children—theoretically. But it is not practical. Take them up in your arms—indeed! What they need is the rattan, morning, noon and night. I have been forced to adopt the arm's-length policy. Love? I wonder that their own mothers can love some of them."

Father Goss laughed, as Miss Mainton raised her voice in eloquence.

"You think with the boys that I am a sour old maid," she said with a feeble attempt to smile.

"Far be it from me to call any woman such a name," he replied. "But, Miss Mainton, I do think you have let yourself become soured. You have tried

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the cold water treatment on the children for thirty years, you say. It's a failure—"

"Well, whether it is or not, I'm not going to teach Sunday school. You will have to get teachers that believe in sweetness and light and all those impractical things in teaching," she replied with a patent finality. And the interview was ended.

"The boys are right," said Father Goss to Father Mallon. "She is a cranky old maid and then some. I'm really glad that she refused to teach in the Sunday school. She'd have it ruined in a day. And as for being a saint—well, all I can say is that she does not make sanctity very attractive."

Father Mallon grinned.

"Bella is one of those historical saints that did not hesitate to speak out their minds to emperors and popes," said he; "but with all her faults I still believe that she is very near to God. You know, Father Goss, we all look for perfection—in others."

"I consider myself slapped and accept the sarcasm," replied Father Goss with good humor, "and now I'll try my luck with the other teachers. Not being saints, perhaps they'll not object to the uplifting of the incipient criminals who, after all is said and done, supply a good job to the said teachers."

But again the young priest met defeat.

"Why not get Miss Mainton?" asked Miss Collins after giving a dozen different reasons for not being able to teach catechism. "She says she tried it once and it was a terrible experience. She is very pious, and if she failed what chance have we others?"

And this was the sum and substance of the reasons given by the other teachers for their refusal to engage in further pedagogic work. And so the project to put new life into the Sunday school by enlisting the support of experienced teachers failed miserably. And all due to Miss Mainton, thought Father Goss, as he half determined that even if Jimmy Coughlin did call names again after Bella the arm of the Church would not be employed to suppress his exuberance. Jimmy was right in his estimation of his teacher. Saint, indeed!

But the same Bella little guessed all the trouble that was laid at her door by her refusal to teach catechism. She knew from Father Goss's manner that he had been somewhat offended at her attitude, but she dismissed the matter by assuring herself that he was only a very young priest, inexperienced. He would check his enthusiasm soon and realize that her years of experience in dealing with children gave her some right to have an opinion of her own. She dismissed the matter—no, not quite. The determination was there to think no more about it, but somehow it had the faculty of bobbing up again every time she submerged it. It was particularly when she assisted at Mass—she heard Mass every day—that there ac-

companied her prayers subconsciously the voice of Father Goss urging her to do the apostolic work of teaching catechism. But invariably she succeeded in banishing the thought as an unworthy distraction.

A WEEK passed. Miss Mainton went on her way as calmly as her conscience would permit. It was Friday morning, always the most wearing day of the week for her, but especially this week when everything had gone wrong. Never had the class seemed so incorrigible; never had she been so cross. Was she facing a nervous collapse? All very well for young priests to talk of being nice to such hoodlums as constituted the majority of her pupils. Let him have them for a week and he would soon lose all desire to 'take them up in your arms, as it were.' This was the distraction at her Mass that Friday morning. Miss Mainton was half way down the church in her accustomed place. She had managed to put away the distraction and had succeeded in acquiring a certain amount of devotion when just as the Mass began—she was glad it was Father Mallon instead of Father Goss—a woman entered the pew in front of her. A woman with a baby in her arms! Bella almost gasped. The effrontery of it! Bringing an infant to Mass! People brought babies to the movies, but to Mass! Must be some foreigner, thought Bella. Foreigners did those unheard of things. Yes, she was right. She knew the woman. It was Mrs. Zolowski, John Zolowski's mother. She had been down to see Mrs. Zolowski only last week to complain about John, and Mrs. Zolowski had given her little satisfaction. And now to add to the injury here she had come into the pew in front of her, and with a baby. Why didn't these foreigners learn American customs and refrain from doing such horrible things. A baby in church, and of course the baby would soon begin to squall. Bella's devotion had gone on the wind. There, I knew it, she said to herself as the young Zolowski began to test the power of its lungs. Bella looked daggers through the back of the mother, but Mrs. Zolowski not feeling the barbs was not a whit abashed. She merely tried to hush the child and went on running her beads through her fingers.

The trivial incident, trivial to Mrs. Zolowski but momentous to Bella, was very upsetting for the latter. She had intended to go to Holy Communion, but now she concluded that she could not go. She was too disturbed in soul. How was it that she should be obliged to tolerate these children. They were all a nuisance. Father Mallon ought to know better than to let women bring babies to the church to distract the whole congregation—the whole congregation that morning numbered seven including young Zolowski. The bell for Holy Communion sounded—Jimmy Coughlin was ringing it, she observed, and Bella was commiserating

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herself on being deprived of the happiness of receiving when her devotions and her self-pity were interrupted by the voice of Mrs. Zolowski who had turned about in her pew.

"Will you please hold my baby?" she asked. "I want to go to Holy Communion. My boy was taken to the hospital early this morning and I want to receive for him. There was no one at home to mind the baby."

Bella's first temptation was to gasp. Such boldness! The idea of asking her to hold a baby—her that never held a baby, and in church! A thousand unkind thoughts rushed through her mind in a second, but such thoughts were powerless beside the tears that were in the eyes of Mrs. Zolowski, and before Bella knew it, she, the cranky old maid, had silently reached out for young Zolowski and taken him in her arms while the grateful mother went up to the altar rail.

IT was a mortified Bella Mainton. She was glad that the hoodlums of her class were not there to see her in such a role. What a provocation to them for a new rhyme with which to try her patience. Anyway she was glad Father Goss was not there to smile at her and say to her: "Take them up in your arms, as it were." But she was forced to admit that it was a lovely baby after all. In spite of his previous squalling he made no objection to Bella; in fact he seemed quite pleased with her, and as her arms quite unconsciously closed about him he looked up at her, and, as if in response to her tenderness, smiled. And then Bella suddenly, while she heard the voice of the priest saying *Ecce Agnus Dei* bowed low her head as if she beheld a vision.

There were tears in her eyes as she returned the baby to the arms of its mother—she seemed reluctant to let him go—tears and an amazed look as she knelt when the Mass was over and turned to follow with her eyes the mother and child as they left the church.

FATHER MALLON had finished his thanksgiving when Miss Mainton came into the vestry.

"It's about the Sunday school, Father," she said haltingly. "I have thought it over, and I have decided if you still want me I will consider it an honor to—teach catechism to—the little ones."

"Why, of course, Miss Mainton," said the priest. "I will be glad to have you. You will be of great service to us. I suggested it to Father Goss. He told me you had refused him, but—well, I determined to see you myself."

"But I think, Father Mallon, I would have given you the same answer—then. I mean no disrespect. But it all happened a few moments ago. Don't think I am crazy. I never was as sane as I am now. Just

a while ago Mrs. Zolowski—she received at your Mass—asked me to hold her baby so that she might go to Holy Communion. I did it—at first reluctantly, almost with bitterness. But—I know it is only imagination—but perhaps imaginations may have the same results as visions—while I held the infant it suddenly seemed as if my arms were full of straw—and there smiling up to me instead of Mrs. Zolowski's baby—was—"

"The Babe of Bethlehem," said Father Mallon simply.

Miss Mainton shuddered.

"I know it is presumption," she said. "Christ would not come to such a sinner as I am."

"Nevertheless He does it every day in Holy Communion," said the priest.

"Yes, I know," said Miss Mainton. "And perhaps He did come this time. But I know He came in love anyway. My soul was thrilled. I felt that my arms held Him. All the bitterness left my soul, and I thought of the words Father Goss used to me—'Take them up in your arms'—and I knew that Father Goss was right, as Christ was right, when He said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not.' I was wrong all the time. Now I want to make amends."

"Then we can look for you next Sunday," said Father Mallon in his matter-of-fact way.

"I think I had the wrong idea about Miss Mainton," said Father Goss to Father Mallon about a month later. "I never saw such a change as she has made in the Sunday school. Even Jimmy Coughlin swears by her and says that she is the most popular teacher in the school. Jimmy says she likes boys now, and that is a great deal coming from Jimmy. I guess that little talk I gave her opened her eyes."

Father Mallon smiled.

"Perhaps," he said; "and then again perhaps one else opened her eyes."

"Why," said Father Goss; "did you give her a lecture too?"

"I'm not so presumptuous as to reprimand the saints," said Father Mallon. "You remember I always said that Bella Mainton is very much of a saint."

"Well," said Father Goss, "perhaps she is. Anyway the children are sure she is a saint."

"And what better judges of sanctity do you want?" said Father Mallon. "Anyway, you know—'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

Over against the delusion that we Americans are a well educated and well disciplined people I would put the truth that in France, in Italy and in Great Britain there are vast populations with a background of knowledge and of culture of which we as yet know very little.—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

The Influence of American Catholics Abroad

BY VINCENT LOGAN, C. P.

A LOVER of art who has traveled afield in the realms of his choice; the student whose pleasure it has been to study the history of art; both will have realized that while, in true art there is something that is fixed and changeless, the settings through which it is revealed are often diverse, and various the schools whose influence has helped its development.

Titian, Murillo, Fra Angelico, Rubens, Velasquez; the schools of Venice, Rome, Holland and Spain, have presented to the world products in which there is found much diversity of those accidentals, which form the settings of that which is changeless and priceless, viz., the intangible and mysterious reality of true art.

A Catholic, who has lived in many lands and among diverse peoples, will realize that while religious truth is one, unchangeable and Catholic, its accidental settings, the manner of its presentation, and operation, are different in many lands and among many different people. At distinct periods in the world's history, particular nations stood out as pre-eminently Catholic. Each in its own time and in its own way fostered the faith; propagated Catholic influence, and presented Catholic ideals through the media best suited to the age in which it flourished.

All saints have been canonized by reason of their sanctity, but how diverse have been the settings in which the Master Hand has placed the priceless pearl of holiness.

There are many who believe that the Catholic Church in America is the most real, the most animated and fruitful exposition of true Catholicity to be found in the world today. They believe this because they observe everywhere the evidences of its vitality, its highly perfected organizations, and the intense influence for good which it exerts on the lives of the American people.

The writer's first opportunity of studying Catholicity in American settings came some years ago in the missionary fields of South America. Catholicity was established there long before the arrival of American missions, and it would have no doubt continued to exist had they never known anything of American Catholicity. But the American spirit brought new life and it stirred those to more strenuous ways. In that favored land of long, bright days and romantic moonlit nights, we find the usual tropical influences on character—a people oblivious of yesterday, and little perturbed by the thought of what tomorrow may bring forth:

Here, Catholicity is traditional and almost all are Catholics. Many are Catholics in deed and truth, sur-

passed by none; but in many places, dry-rot seems to have set in. The youth of the country did not proclaim from the house tops that they were Catholics, nor did they seem to glory much in their Catholicity. Many were more disposed to conceal their affiliation. The American Catholics there comported themselves otherwise. They were well instructed; Catholics by conviction. They gloried in their Catholicity and pitied those less fortunate who shared not their precious inheritance of truth. It was commonly recognized by the men of that country that "*La practica de la religion conviene muy bien para les Senoras y Senoritas pero no para les hombres.*" (The practice of religion is quite suitable for women and girls but not for men.) American Catholicity taught them the lesson that the worship of God by the practice of religion is something not confined to any sex or race, but is the privilege of every rational being.

TH Y next experience of the beneficent effects of American Catholicity abroad, was in France during the great war. I shall never forget the wonderful conduct and example of those Catholic American soldier boys. They came to a land where, till recently, Catholicity was penalized. A military man or a naval man or a government official seen frequenting church was liable to be reported, and thenceforth promotion for him would be difficult, if not impossible, of attainment. What wonder, then, that the youth of that country who still practised their religion, did so in an unostentatious manner.

The American boys were accustomed to do things differently. When quartered in the little country towns of France, the first place they looked for was the church and the chaplain's quarters. They came in batches; they lined up in files for confession on Saturday nights, and Sunday morning saw them thronging in hundreds around the altar rail to receive the Bread of Life. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more intelligent or better instructed body of Catholic men. The astonishment and edification they caused among the old world congregations that observed them may be more easily understood from the following typical incident.

It was Christmas eve in a little church in a French town; the hour was about 10 P. M. Soldiers were lined up in rows that reached the full length of the aisles of the church. They were waiting their turn at one of the two confessionals where the chaplains were hearing. An old French peasant woman had finished her devotions and was about to leave the church when she met "la Cure," to whom she thus addressed her-

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self: "Tell me, Reverend Father, what do these men want in church." "But do you not know, madam," replied the Cure, "that tomorrow is the feast of Christmas and that these good men wish to go to confession and to receive Holy Communion." "Well, well," replied the old lady; "that is very good, indeed. It is well that these American soldiers wish to go to confession; it is very good, but it is strange. After all, it is the war, it is the war. My God! My God! My God!" Then wrapping her shawl around her as if symbolic of the wonder which wrapped her soul, she vanished into the darkness of the winter's night.

Human respect is the bane of Catholicity in some of the old world countries, but the American boys were altogether innocent of it. In a large public place where crowds were passing to and fro, soldiers, sailors, civilians and officials, a young American sailor approached and inquired if I were a Catholic priest. Then kneeling down at my feet, he asked me to bless him, that God might be with him and his companions, who that night were again to face the terrors of the death-haunted ocean, in those lurid days and nights of the war.

MY latest object lesson in American Catholicity was in its home, in the great cities of the Eastern United States. I was not surprised at what I saw because I expected much, but I was impressed by the strong, virile, earnest spirit of Catholicity that permeated most of the centres that I visited. I noticed the real and all important thing that the Catholic religion is in the lives of millions of American people, the vitality and perfection of its organizations, and the good will and understanding that exists between the clergy and the people; the number and excellence of its schools. These things compel admiration. The most pessimistic Catholic, visiting the new Catholic University at Washington, must feel his vision brightened and the pulse of hope awake within him. The Catholic University seems destined to do much for Catholic America. It is the vast power house where the spiritual forces of Christianity will be stored; where Catholic learning, culture and piety will be centralized, and whence they will radiate through innumerable currents into the Catholic life of the new and the old worlds.

Among many excellent Catholic organizations in America, there is one of whose existence probably few on this side of the Atlantic are aware, and a replica of which would be very advantageous in many European cities. It is The Catholic Actor's Society which has its centre at the actor's church, St. Malachy's, off Broadway, in New York City. My first visit to this little temple of God in theatre land, was made in company with a Catholic actress and her mother. I was impressed by the love and devotion with which they

regarded this little church. "There," said the mother, as she watched the young girl kneel to pray at her favorite shrine, "there is her second home. This little shrine has been everything in her life since childhood." Later I learned about the large congregation of actors and actresses who regularly attend, and the excellent work that is done to make the Catholic religion a living thing in the lives of those whose world is the stage.

There is in London, "The Catholic Actors' Guild," which does much good. Branches of this guild, and of The American Catholic Actors' Guild are now established in Paris at St. Joseph's Church, 50 Avenue Hoche, and they are most helpful to American and English actors and actresses visiting the continent. Would that the influence and example of The American Catholic Actors' Society could reach the French theatre world. There is a vast field and an urgent need for a similar organization there! As far as Catholicity is concerned, the French theatre world seems to be left to drift for itself. Through some fallacious reasoning, or want of reasoning, an abiding impression seems to exist among the devout that actors and actresses are almost *declasses* in the religious world, and that many, if not all of them, have, following the example of Faust, consigned themselves soul and body to the care of Mephistopheles.

Fortunately it is not so. There are many practical Catholics among those who face the foot-lights in the French theatre, but the helpful organization and the Catholic atmosphere that centres around the little church near Broadway are entirely absent.

The Poet in the Garden

BY THOMAS WALSH

Take thou away the chalice, take from pain

Its final sweetness; stay the whips of hate

That scourge so glorious in my thorns of state

Upon the pinnacle of man's disdain----

Where every singing breaks a wound again,

Though yet thine ultimate voice I must await.

Is this thy victory, Song?----or all too late

Am I responsive to thy holier strain?

Then spoke The Angel:----"Lo, the darkness breaks,

Be patient!----for the perfect song is nigh

To sear thy lips with flame of utmost loss.

See, that glad triumph through the cloud awakes,----

And hold thee valiant till the Day comes by!"----

And as he spoke the hills revealed The Cross.

Thomas Walsh

Congress and the Immigration Problem

BY CHARLES A. McMAHON

ONE of the most important duties of the present Congress is the enactment of an equitable restrictive and selective immigration law. This action is necessary inasmuch as the present law known as the "Three Per Cent. Law," expires on June 30, 1924. If no other legislation is enacted in its place, it is believed, or at least Congressional advocates of the Johnson Immigration Bill state, that the largest migration of peoples in the history of the world may be expected to begin on July 1, 1924. Such a situation, they say, should not be permitted to arise, as public opinion is not only for restriction but for an even more effective restriction than that imposed at the present time.

As this article is written, Representative Albert Johnson of Washington, Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, has just submitted to the House of Representatives a report on his bill in which fourteen committee members concur and three dissent. In pointing out the "immediate and urgent need for enactment of immigration legislation," the report states that an immigration of between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 would have entered the United States during each of the past two years if the "Three Per Cent Law" had not barred the way.

Permanent immigration legislation having failed at the last session of Congress, the temporary "Three Per Cent. Law" was extended until June 30, 1924. It will be remembered that this law limits the number of immigrants who may come here in any one year to three per cent. of the number of nationals resident in this country according to the Census of 1910. The figure usually quoted in this connection, and the one to which the public has been accustomed as representing the total number of aliens receivable in any one year under the "Three Per Cent. Quota Law," is 357,000. As a matter of fact, however, the actual number of aliens having entered the United States for the fiscal year ended June 30, last, was 522,919. This substantial difference—165,919—is accounted for by the admission of persons specifically exempted from the operation of the Act and by immigration from other American countries, such as Mexico and Canada, to which the Act does not apply. Of the total, the surprising fact develops that only 83,552 were classed as laborers, while 106,213 were skilled workers and 191,585, including women and children, were listed as of no occupation. Last year's immigrants exceeded those of the year before by 213,363, whereas the number of aliens who departed fell from 198,712 in 1921-22 to 81,450 in 1922-23, the net increase of the immigration

population of this country being 110,844 for the first year mentioned as against 441,469 for 1922-23.

The Johnson Bill would further restrict the number of aliens admissible in any one year by reducing the percentage from 3 to 2 (plus a small base quota for each country) and changing the quota base from the census of 1910 to the census of 1890. The estimated number eligible under this arrangement would be 178,637, exclusive of the base quota for each country.

TO show how the 2 per cent. quota base of the 1890 census would operate in the case of certain countries, from which large numbers immigrated even during the period of the 3 per cent quota law, the reduction figures of some of them may be quoted:

Italy, from 42,057 to 3,851; Czechoslovakia, from 14,557 to 2,031; Poland, from 21,076 to 3,148. The Croats and Slovenes, whose annual average used to be about 42,000, will have under the 2 per cent. quota base a quota of 850; and other European immigration under the same proportion.

With the "Nordics," the situation will be much more favorable. For instance, Great Britain (England, Scotland, Wales), whose resident nationals in the United States in 1890 were 1,251,402, will be able to send in, under the 2 per cent. arrangement, 35,228; Germany, 39,534; Ireland, 37,630; Danes, Norwegians and Swedes, 19,260; and France, 2,463. The result of the 2 per cent. 1890 quota base would be the material reduction of those who came from the East and South of Europe, and only a slight alteration in the numbers from the North. The N. C. W. C. Bureau of Immigration, in a brief filed during the Immigration Committee hearings in Washington, has protested this feature of the proposed bill in the following words:

"We protest against the principle and purpose underlying this bill which excludes immigrants from certain countries and favors admission of immigrants from other countries. Such a policy is a distinctive and deplorable departure from our enduring traditions as a nation. Our fundamental tradition is fair treatment to all nations. The proposed bill involves an evident discrimination and substantial injustice to certain particular nations. No reason of statesmanship can be advanced in its defense. Nothing can cloak the arbitrary unfairness in selecting the 1890 census as against that of 1910 as a basis for establishing the immigration quotas. The process is purely mechanical, designed for an ulterior purpose which cannot but result in arousing against us the enmity of other nations.

"America is strong enough to assimilate in the

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future the foreigners who will come to us under a normally restricted immigration. Restriction in immigration should be enforced. But a study of selection based on general fitness for citizenship and on normal, humane and economic grounds would be a more just basis.

"We respectfully ask, therefore, that this discriminating feature of H. R. 101 (the Johnson Bill) be corrected before it is presented for the attention of Congress. If fewer immigrants are desired, let it be brought about by reducing the present three per cent. figure, based on a recent census, that of 1910, or better still the 1920 census, and not by direct affronts to various groups of foreign-born citizens and by insult to the nations from which they came."

The N. C. W. C. Immigration Bureau, however, favors the creation of a non-quota immigrant class, and is not opposed to the general principle of restriction. It is certain that the House Committee's recommendations will be the subject of bitter debate during the discussion of the bill on the floor. It would not be surprising, in view of the opposition almost certain to develop, if it were found necessary again to extend, by joint resolution, the present temporary law. The outstanding features of the Johnson Bill, as it is now before the House of Representatives, are as follows:

- Preserves the basic immigration law of 1917.
- Retains the principle of numerical limitation as inaugurated in the Act of May 19, 1921.
- Changes the quota base from the census of 1910 to the census of 1890.
- Reduces the percentage from 3 to 2, plus a small base quota for each country.
- Counts certificates, not persons.
- Provides for preliminary examination overseas.
- Exempts wives, children under eighteen, and parents over fifty-five, of American citizens.
- Reduces classes of exempted aliens.
- Places burden of proof on alien rather than on the United States.
- Meets the situation with reference to admission of persons ineligible to citizenship.
- Carries numerous sections to lessen hardships of immigrants.

IN tightening the bars against immigration of Japanese and other Orientals, the bill provides that the only ones eligible for admission to the United States are government officials, their families and attendants, tourists, business men and seamen entering the country for a temporary stay, ministers, teachers and students, and those previously admitted lawfully, who are returning from a visit abroad.

One section of the report is devoted to the need

for repopulating American farms through immigration, saying that the Committee had found no plan which could be written into a restrictive immigration law "without overriding peonage laws or without doing violence to the ideas of liberty and freedom, which are fundamental to our form of government."

"The prosperity of the United States," the report continues, "does not depend upon additional unskilled alien laborers coming to this country. Industry and activity have survived the slackened immigration caused by the European war and the quota law (the two covering a stretch of almost ten years), and the United States has had one spell of great unemployment during that period. Our gain in population through natural sources is large, 10,000,000 in the period of 1910-1920."

The expected protests from countries, whose quotas have been seriously reduced, began to come. The first of these to be filed was one from the Italian Government. In his protest filed with Secretary of State Hughes (who transmitted it to the House Immigration Committee) Ambassador Caetani stated:

"It is sincerely hoped that the Government of the United States will use every effort in suggesting to Congress a way of not reducing to a derisory figure the immigration of the people that have contributed so much to the productivity and prosperity of the United States, and that a solution of the immigration problem may be arrived at that will not affect so harshly the the interests and the pride of the Italian nation, which has always had for the American people feelings of true friendship and esteem.

"The Italian Government has never questioned the right of any country to dispose of its national affairs as best suited to the national interests; it, therefore, would understand the Government of the United States raising or lowering the percentage of immigrants admissible, in accordance to the interest of the country, as long as this was done by varying the quota percentage used so far.

"The Johnson Bill, however, is not based on such equinamous and impartial principles, but patently aims to favor the immigration of some nations to the detriment of others by changing the census year taken as a basis for the percentage quota.

"The Italian Government will be obliged to consider any legislation formed upon the above-mentioned criterion as an unjust discrimination enacted to the detriment of the nation."

It should be remembered that the heavy immigration from Italy began after 1910, and was in full flood when the Act of 1917 became effective. This class of immigration was badly hit by the quota act of May 19, 1921.

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SELECTION of immigrants at the source is one of the desirable features of the bill. This provision would prevent undesirable or inadmissible aliens from crossing the ocean only to be turned back at Ellis Island or some other port.

There is little likelihood that any plan of restriction can be evolved that will be entirely satisfactory to all the nations and races concerned. Protests such as that filed by the Italian Government may prevent the passage of the Johnson Bill before adjournment of Congress.

Instead of achieving restriction by the quota rule, based upon the percentage of admissions from stated countries during a census period, it may be that Congress would find a better solution in Mr. John Hays Hammond's suggestion that the number of aliens admitted be apportioned according to the records of naturalization among the various nationalities and races.

He recently remarked that restriction was a necessity if the American standard of living was to be maintained, and then suggested that reduction should fall upon the least classes of aliens. He added:

"No better test could be devised than the readiness with which the various immigrating races tend to become citizens. Every race showing a large percentage of naturalization has a high value as an element in our population when it arrives; every race showing a low percentage has a low value. These facts suggest a just and feasible plan for limiting immigration into the United States. Let us decide upon the number of immigrants we are willing to receive each

year, and then apportion the number according to the record of naturalization among various races."

HERE it may be interesting to quote the naturalization results for the past year as shown by the figures of the U. S. Naturalization Bureau. During the twelve-month period, ending June 30, 1923, there were admitted to American citizenship 145,084 aliens, a decrease of 23,004 in the previous year. Of the total number naturalized, 24,874 were from Italy; 22,621 from Poland; 17,190 from Russia; 16,953 from Great Britain and possessions, except Canada; 12,064 from Germany; and the remainder from smaller countries and their possessions. Among the smaller countries listed it is interesting to note that Czechoslovakia supplied us with 6,334 new citizens; Austria with 6,211; Hungary with 5,850; France with 1,010; Belgium with 811; Portugal with 386; and Spain with 212.

The Johnson Bill is more sure to attract widespread attention. If the Government investigation into the oil lease scandals had not broken out at this time, it is certain that the whole immigration question would now be absorbing the attention of Congress and the people of the country. The necessity of passing some sort of legislation before July 1, may operate to gain favorable consideration of the Johnson measure before that time. It is more likely, however, that the enactment of a permanent immigration law will, because of political considerations, be postponed until after election. In the meantime, Catholic interests are being safeguarded, as far as possible, by the N. C. W. C.

To Saint Rita of Cascia

BY HAMILTON CRAIGIE

Tears would I give for that I have no lyre,
Wrought from some marvelous, dim tapestry
Of shining words, wherewith to honor thee,
Dear Saint of Cascia---wonderful, swift fire
Of love and passion pure, and high desire---
Hear, then, the burden of my litany,
Rita, to whom my love is bound in fee;
So may the measure of my song aspire.

Thus am I blest whose incense-bearing urn
Shall through the tide of years some glory raise,
Mining the gold from dross of empty days
To fill the censer of my poor return;
Yet in my heart of hearts no deeper flame
Shall blossom than the sweetness of thy name!

Penitent: Apostle: Founder

The Life Story of St. Paul of the Cross

By Gabriel Francis Powers

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CHAPTER XV.

HIS LAST VISITATION

EARLY in the year 1770, St. Paul of the Cross decided that it would be advisable for him to visit the Retreats along the sea-coast, as he felt the time was drawing near when he would have to part from his sons forever. But not desiring to leave Rome, even temporarily, without the authorization of the Pope and Cardinal Vicar, he applied for an audience and was received by the Sovereign Pontiff on March 19th, the feast of S. Joseph. It was in the course of this visit that the venerable Father laid at the feet of the Vicar of Christ his plan to found a sister institute of the Passion for women, in order that virgins too might be brought to mourn over the death of the Beloved and to wear mourning incessantly for His sorrows and those of Mary.

This idea of grieving all one's days, even by outward signs, for the death of Jesus was so rooted in the Saint's mind that many years earlier, while giving a mission at Barbarano, he had called a girl of fourteen to him because he noticed that she was wearing black. He asked her why she did it, and she answered him that she was in mourning for her father who had died. The Saint told her that there was Another for whom we should wear mourning always, and that was the sweet Jesus who had died upon the Cross. Then and there he told her, further, that she would always wear this latter mourning; and in fact the child was so much impressed by his words that, though she lived to be eighty, she never dressed in any other color, and led a life of great piety in the constant remembrance of Him who died upon the Cross.

The Sovereign Pontiff received with marked favor the proposal of Father Paul in regard to a community of Passionist Virgins, and learned from him that his benefactors, the Costantini family of Corneto, were ready to open and endow a house in their city for these "pure doves of the Crucified." This foundation was one of the long, sweet dreams of the Saint's life. He had been preparing it in spirit for thirty years, he had received revelations concerning it, and he was wont to say, as the evil spirits tormented him more cruelly when he was engaged upon anything that concerned the yet unborn community: "This monastery

is going to make it very hot for the devil." Dame Maria Crocifissa, too, the Benedictine sister of Corneto, was waiting for the foundation which she had been expecting so many years.

The Holy Father having expressed his approval, Paul of the Cross was at liberty to proceed, although heavy financial losses and violent opposition crippled the Costantini family, temporarily, in their plans and designs. Father Paul encouraged the good Dominicans with the strongest motives of confidence, and promises of better days. Meanwhile the leave of absence which the holy Founder had begged was granted, but only until the feast of S. John, June 24.

FATHER PAUL visited the tombs of the Holy Apostles to obtain their blessing upon his journey, and set forth on March 27, traveling northward in the direction of Civitavecchia. This day, upon which he had decided to start, was one of extremely bad weather, a cold rain, and a still colder wind, lashing the travelers incessantly, and the roads, which the severe winter had put in a deplorable condition, added to the difficulties of the journey. Father Paul was able to go no further than Monterone that night, and arrived toward dusk, wet and almost frozen; but his zeal for souls was so great that no sooner had he partaken of a slight repast than he began immediately to preach familiarly to the people of the inn, and that with so much gentleness and sweetness that they were charmed and hung upon his lips.

Moving on to Corneto, he lodged for the first time there in a house of the Congregation, namely, at the Retreat of Our Lady of Dolors which had been opened during the course of that preceding year. The venerable Father gave a course of spiritual exercises to his sons, and remained with them for the celebration of Holy Week and Easter, after which he turned his face toward Argentaro, his beloved "Mount of Sanctification," his whole soul going out to embrace in desire that spot where he first became in truth a solitary and the Father of the many he had subsequently borne to God. He thought, as of old, that he could reach his destination more easily by sea, and embarked at Porto Clementino, the harbor below Corneto; but, though the Mount was in sight, crouching

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like a great lion dormant upon the water, the passage was so stormy that the captain landed his passengers at Montalto, and Father Paul was obliged to proceed on horseback, under a beating rain, over the twenty-six miles of road which separated him from Orbetello.

He arrived at nightfall and made his way as usual to Casa Grazi, but no sooner was it learned in the town that he was there, than crowds of the citizens besieged the doors, begging to be permitted to see

peace—it was with a great joy at his heart that he left there two dwellings full of saints, but a great sadness, too, for he knew well that he would never behold Argentaro again.

A letter from the Holy Father reached Paul of the Cross while he was upon the mountain, in answer to the account he had given his Holiness of his travels and of the state of the Passionist Communities. This missive of Clement XIV was so kind and so appreciative that the venerable Founder was deeply humiliated. "Alas for me," he said, "I fear that when I shall come to die, Our Blessed Lord will say to me: 'Thou hast already received thy reward.'" On his passage through Orbetello and Montalto the people came out in swarms to see him, struggling to kiss his hands and habit, and cutting pieces of cloth from his cloak. The Saint was profoundly grieved, and even shocked. "Ah, poor me," he cried, "I shall have to hide myself away under lock and key for I am deceiving my fellow men. Not that I mean to do it, but they themselves are deceived, thinking me to be that which I am not."

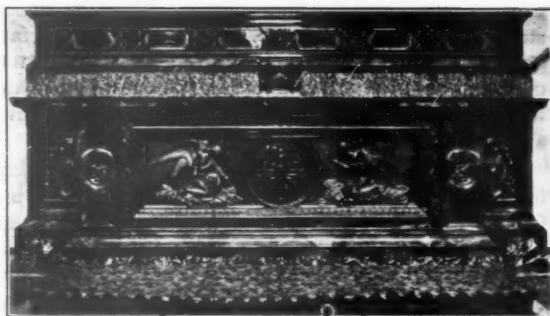


ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL IN ROME

and speak with him. Early on the following morning he set out for the mountain, and great was his emotion when, having crossed the lagoon in a boat, he began the ascent of the old rocky paths he remembered so well. At every point his youth, Father John Baptist, Fulgentius who had come to him first, and so many others, the primitive companions, seemed to be waiting for him, speaking to him, from the cliffs of granite and the green recesses of wood and tangled, thick-growing aromatic shrubs. The man within the Saint could not restrain his tears. "Ah, these mountains," he exclaimed, "how much they bring to mind!"

His sons from the Presentation came out to meet him, and then the youths he loved so much, the novices from S. Joseph's. Those days upon the mountain were very full and very precious. The venerable Founder spent them between the two houses, and when he descended from that exquisite high world, where the silence of two immensities, the sky and the sea, holds Argentaro in its transcendent

THE journey back to Rome was hard enough, and the traveler had forced himself so much to meet all the demands made upon him during this farewell visitation, that immediately upon his arrival he was confined to his bed with rheumatism, sciatica, and an acute inflammation of the eyes. A long period of helpless suffering and inaction ensued, and it was not until the first of July that Paul of the Cross was able to wait upon the Holy Father, to lay at his feet the Rules and Constitutions of the Sisters of the Passion, documents over which the Saint had labored long and into which he had poured all the wisdom,



ALTAR AT SHRINE OF ST. PAUL IN ROME
BRONZE AND MARBLE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

all the spiritual ripeness, which warmed and sweetened his own soul.

On the 26th of July, he returned to the presence of the Pontiff anew, and though Clement was indisposed, and refused all visitors, he made an exception in favor of the aged Founder. "I have denied my-

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self to all today," he said, "even to the Cardinal Secretary of State, but I could not refuse my Daddy." A few weeks later, hearing that His Holiness was just about to leave for his summer residence of Castel Gandolfo, Father Paul came to make his farewells and to offer his good wishes to the Pontiff; and Clement, bestowing upon him many marks of affection and regard, spoke of the great pleasure and comfort his interviews with the Saint afforded him; the uprightness and unswerving rectitude of Paolo Daneo filled him with delight; but there was a winning quality about him, too, which Ganganelli had known and loved for years.

The Pope's confessor, the Father Master Sangiorgio, was very ill at this time, having suffered an apoplectic stroke which placed his life in jeopardy. Paul of the Cross felt it to be a duty to hasten to his assistance. The sick man asked the Saint to bless him and to pray for him, and the Father did both; then he said to him confidently: "Be of good heart, Father Master; you have been *ad portas mortis*, but you will quite certainly get well. It is as sure as that I hold this handkerchief in my hand." In fact Sangiorgio did get well, and retained no trace of the paralysis, which was considered marvelous by his friends.

Not long after this, the Saint himself fell into a serious illness, and his condition became so enfeebled and alarming that the physicians deemed it well he should receive Holy Viaticum. A long, weakening fever, and incapacity to retain food, brought the wasted organism to extremity. The Procurator General and the Brother Infirmarian consequently waited upon the Sovereign Pontiff to tell him that the venerable Founder was near the end of life. Clement XIV was deeply grieved at the news, and eagerly questioned the messengers. When he understood that all hope was gone, his sad and troubled face gave evidence of his sorrow. "I don't want him to die yet," he said. "Tell him that we do not wish him to die. Tell him that the Pope gives him a reprieve, and that he must obey."

The two religious arrived with great haste, bringing the command of the Sovereign Pontiff, and entering the cell where the aged man lay, apparently near death, they gave him, eagerly and joyously, the *dilata* sent him by the Holy Father. Paul of the Cross turned to the Crucifix which hung beside his bed, and clasping his hands in great reverence and love, addressed himself aloud to his beloved Master: "My Lord Jesus Christ Crucified, you know how much I wish to obey your Vicar." From that moment he began to improve; and, though his habitual ailments remained, he was soon able to rise and to celebrate Mass again. This miraculous reprieve was granted to the Saint in 1771.

(To be continued)

THE PASSIONIST SISTERS ARRIVE IN AMERICA

THE active order of the Daughters of St. Paul of the Cross have come to take up their work in America. Mather M. Gonzaga, Sr. M. Louis, Sr. M. Pius, and Sr. M. Dionysius arrived on the S. S. Berengaria, February 28th. They came at the invitation of the Right Rev. William A. Hickey, D. D., Bishop of Providence, R. I. Their rating in educational work facilitated their entrance in the country. They are members of "a learned profession" and are known for their social and school work in England and Ireland. They entered as first class passengers and their testimonials as advanced educators were at once recognized by the Immigration Commissioners. The Director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference at New York with one of his Secretaries was on hand and other kind friends were waiting for them. They were driven to St. Michael's, West Hoboken, where Father Provincial and the other Fathers welcomed them to America. They were welcomed as their own by the Franciscan Sisters at St. Mary's, Hoboken, and left for Providence the following morning.

Friends were waiting for them: Father P. A. Foley, the chancellor of the diocese, and Father Peter J. Hanley, Rector of St. Margaret's were the first to greet and welcome them. Then Vicar General, The Right Rev. Msgr. P. E. Blessing, D. D., spoke to them in words of kindly welcome and encouragement. But nothing could exceed the cordial welcome of the Bishop himself and his gentle courtesy to these daughters of the Passion. They were charmed with his presence and simple dignity. They knew at once that in him they would have a kind father and friend. He told them of the joy he felt in formally receiving them into the diocese and blessing them as his children. He directed that every gracious attention be shown them and that now they be taken to their own home at 315 Elmwood Avenue. This was known as the Smith estate and is one of the most desirable locations in Providence. It was secured by the Bishop for the Sisters, and had been fitted up for their coming. It will be known as "St. Gabriel's Hostel."

The Sisters rank with the most efficient educators in primary and secondary schools, as well as in normal training. They will readily accommodate themselves to American methods while imparting the thoroughness for which they are renowned in England and Ireland. But with this, they have specialized in social work for young girls. The physical and moral training given by the Sisters in the homes and clubs which they conduct for these young people have attracted wide attention in other lands and have won great approval.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our readers' very own. In it we shall answer any questions relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish any communications of general interest to our readers. Communications should be made as brief as possible, and be signed with the writer's name.

QUESTIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS

THE SIGN POST

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in questions and comments. What interests you will likely appeal to others, and make this department more attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

JEWISH PRIESTS

Have many Jews been ordained to the priesthood?

J. A. C., Avoca, Pa.

Of course you know that the first Catholic priests were Jews. Since the time of the Apostles many Jews have been ordained to the priesthood; just how many it is impossible to say.

BROTHER TIMOTHY, C. P.

Will you, please give a brief biography of Brother Timothy, C. P., who died in January, 1923.

G. E. H., Cambridge, Mass.

James Collins was born in Galway, Ireland, on September 8th, 1852. In his young manhood he emigrated to the United States and lived for a time in Baltimore, Md. It was in this city that he became acquainted with the Passionist Fathers. Renouncing the possibilities of a worldly career, he applied for admission among us as a lay brother. He entered the novitiate at Pittsburgh, Pa., towards the close of the year 1874, and chose the name and title of Brother Timothy of the Infant Jesus. He pronounced his vows on January 16, 1876. For many years and in most of our Retreats Brother Timothy was employed as cook. As he advanced in years, however, the office of cook became too arduous and he was appointed refectorian. This office he faithfully fulfilled to the day of his death. On Saturday morning, January 13th, 1923, he arose as usual at 2 o'clock with the other religious of the Retreat (St. Gabriel's, Brighton, Mass.) for the nocturnal devotions. No sooner had he taken his place in the Choir than he suddenly lapsed into unconsciousness. He received Extreme Unction and the last Absolution of Holy Mother Church, and a few moments later peacefully and holily expired.

ANGELS

What is the meaning of the nine choirs of angels? Name them.

J. A. C., Avoca, Pa.

There are three hierarchies of angels to each of which pertain three choirs. The hierarchies are arranged according to their proximity to God which

proximity is inferred from their names as given in Holy Scripture.

The first hierarchy embraces the three highest choirs who are employed particularly in contemplating the Most High: the Seraphim, who are united to God by the closest bonds of love; the Cherubim, who are admitted to a particularly extended knowledge of the secrets of the Divinity; the Thrones, who are elevated to a particular intimacy with God.

The second hierarchy consists of the three choirs who are busied in the government of the world: the Dominations, who determine what is to be done; the Virtues, who offer the means to do what is to be done; the Powers, who have charge of the means whereby the commands of God can be fulfilled.

The third hierarchy comprises the three choirs who execute the plans of God: those who commence good works, the Principalities; ordinary messengers of God, Angels; and extraordinary messengers, Archangels. (Summa p. 1, q. 108, a. 5.)

Mention of the different choirs of angels may be found in the following places of Holy Scripture: Seraphim (Isaiah 6), Cherubim (Ezechiel 1), Thrones (Collosians 1), Dominations, Virtues, Powers, Principalities (Ephesians 1-21), Archangels (St. Jude 1), Angels (in any number of places).

"OUTSIDE THE CHURCH"

I have come to the conclusion from my reading and study that no one but a Catholic can enter Heaven. If an infant born of Catholic parents die before being baptized, it cannot see God; it follows then, that a non-Catholic not being baptized awaits the same fate. And, too, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Spirit (the Catholic Church) he cannot have life eternal." If I am wrong in my deduction, please set me right.

A. E. M., Everett, Mass.

Your question is so crammed with intertwined truths that you will pardon us if we answer only your conclusion. Indeed your premise (if an infant born of Catholic parents die before being baptized it cannot see God) has little relation to your deduction and difficulty (that a non-Catholic not being baptized awaits the same fate). This will be seen by a simple exposition of Catholic doctrine.

The Council of Trent thus states the Catholic

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position: "After the promulgation of the Gospel, justification is impossible without the laver of regeneration or its *desire*." This really is the answer to your difficulty, for observe: A non-Catholic, who has not been baptized in water but who has a perfect love for Christ our Lord, has certainly an implicit *desire* for baptism, which desire suffices for justification.

This is strictly in accord with our Lord's teaching; for after the words which you so quaintly quote and yet more quaintly interpret (St. John 3-5) there occur other words (St. John 14-23) which unconditionally promise justification to those that love Christ: "If any one love Me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and will make our abode with him."

Observe further that if a non-Catholic (unbaptized) love Christ to such a degree as to die for Him, he likewise has an implicit *desire* for baptism ("he will keep My word") and consequently will enter heaven according to the words of Christ (St. Matt. 10, 30): "He that shall lose his life for Me shall find it."

JUSTIFICATION AGAIN

We are taught outside the Catholic Church there is no salvation, also that God created us because He loves us; why then does He create so many souls only

to be lost who die outside the Church? What chance has the Jew?

A. G., Hoboken, N. J.

The answer to your difficulty is contained in the answer to the preceding question. Any man, whether Jew or unbaptized Gentile, who sincerely wishes to fulfill all the commands of God, has an implicit *desire* for Baptism, and if such a man has likewise perfect love for God or perfect sorrow for his sins, he will be saved. This is expressed in an encyclical letter of Pope Pius IX addressed to the Bishops of Italy, August 10, 1863. After insisting on the necessity of seeking salvation through the way appointed by God (through the Catholic Church) the Pontiff adds: "It is known to us and to you that those who are in invincible ignorance *i. e.*, ignorance that cannot be dispelled) of our most holy religion, who observe the precepts of the natural law, which God has written in the heart of all men, and who in their willingness to obey God live an honest and upright life, may, by the aid of the divine light and grace, attain to eternal life, for God, who beholds, searches and knows the minds, the hearts, the thoughts and habits of all men, in His sovereign goodness and mercy, does not permit any one to suffer eternal punishment who is guiltless of a wilful transgression of His law."

COMMUNICATIONS

A MARVELOUS CURE

Divine Providence Academy,
158 Larimer Avenue, E. E.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Editor, THE SIGN:

On Monday last (February 25) I received word that my sister was seriously burned and that no hopes whatever could be had for her life. For several days she lay at the point of death. The doctors declared that under no condition would she recover. However, on the feast of Saint Gabriel, the family promised to have a High Mass said in honor of Saint Gabriel and to have the recovery mentioned in THE SIGN, if her condition would improve. On the evening of the feast there was a *marvelous change*, as the physician declared, and furthermore, he stated that if no new feature would show itself, complete recovery might be expected.

I would be very grateful if you would kindly make mention of the above fact in THE SIGN as we feel that all credit is due to our dear Saint Gabriel.

Thanking you most cordially, I am,

Very respectfully,

SISTER M. IMMACULATE.

LIBERAL ET ULTRA

Editor, THE SIGN:

Glad to see some sign of progressiveness in your magazine. Catholic periodicals are so hopelessly conservative and uninspiring. They dare not offend the present order of things as they are. Mostly they lend aid and comfort to the enemy when the people make an effort to solve the distribution problem through taxation (single tax.)

In Ohio a couple of years ago an effort was made to classify properties for taxation. *Catholic Bulletin* of Cleveland was against it "as a single tax measure" though such was not the case.

With crime and sin due largely to economic maladjustments the Church is largely hostile to progressive root remedies.

And on Italians monopolizing the Papacy. Is such not the case? What chance to do away with some of the fol de rol now practiced there such as kneeling before the Pope, Cardinals kissing his slipper, etc.

C. G.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We appreciate the good will of our correspondent but we must confess that we do not merit his compliment, at least to the full. And lest

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our readers should get the impression that the SIGN is "hopelessly" liberal we add a few observations to the above letter.

"Liberal" is a much abused word. A "liberal" is a man who defends or propagates a theory or opinion that favors or increases human freedom in thought, speech, or action. The liberal differs from the conservative in as much as the conservative although desiring social amelioration would restrict human liberty when such liberty is contrary to century-old usage or to the existing order of things, whereas the liberal would amplify freedom no matter how many social institutions collapse through such amplification.

Restraint is irksome; and any gentleman, who preaches "freedom," who promises to lift the yoke of the oppressor and to cleave the shackles of law, will naturally get a following. However, the constant shouting of such shibboleths as "reform," "social justice," "progress," etc., will never make *all* liberalism good.

If a liberal opinion is not opposed to the natural law of God or to the revealed law of God or to the living law of God (the Catholic Church), if moreover such an opinion can be backed by solid reasoning, if finally such an opinion is practicable, then it can be preached from the house-tops or from a soapbox or from any other suitable site. If a man were to sponsor such a theory or view he would be a liberal in a good sense.

But, if a liberal opinion (and there are many, such as birth-control, communism, agrarian socialism), is contrary to the natural, the revealed or the living law of God, or is impracticable—then such a theory is unreasonable, it is licentious rather than liberal. If a man were to propagate such a theory he would be liberal, but not in a good sense.

What has been the consistent attitude of THE SIGN can easily be gathered by any one who reads our periodical. Many of our readers, we feel, sure will not agree with our correspondent; indeed, we fear alas! that soon we too will be consigned by him into the limbo of the hopelessly conservative.

We pass over the connotation that such words as "lend aid and comfort to the enemy" possess. However, to assert that the Church is largely hostile to progressive root remedies is unfair. It is reminiscent of Henry George's complaint that Pope Leo XIII did not in his Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* accept his (George's) theory of the "single tax" (Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII, New York, 1891).

Obviously, if it has taken men six thousand years to discover a social theory, the presumption is either that thinkers of the past have been ignorant of conditions or have been stupid in their efforts to remedy conditions, or they have been positively unwilling to

remedy them—or, what is most likely, the new-found theory is absurd or impracticable. Obviously also, from a purely natural point of view, the Holy Father as the head of a social organization possessing the cumulative experience of twenty centuries is better able to judge the value or uselessness of a social theory than any independent thinker or any group of such thinkers. Add to this natural point of vantage the supernatural, ever-abiding assistance of the Holy Spirit, and the case in favor of the Catholic Church is unanswerable.

We may mention in passing, that the single-tax theory has been tried by the British government in India and it has been found lamentably wanting. The people are worse off under it than the people living under the Permanent Settlement of Bengal.

The charge of Italian monopoly of the Papacy is, we trust, unintentional. The writer apparently inserted it hurriedly, and allowed it to remain through an oversight. We rate the intelligence of our readers above such petty errors of judgment.

As to the fol de rol of kneeling before the Pope, etc. Well, personally we think such fol de rol will be done away with when the fol de rol of baseball fans applauding a spectacular play or the fol de rol of a gentleman lifting his hat to a lady or the fol de rol of a boy being deferential to his mother are done away with. Superiority, whether it be physical, intellectual, or moral, is worthy of respect; and the natural manner of manifesting such respect—at least among normally developed human beings—is by some external mark.

CORRECT!

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

I am not one who is looking for a fight; but there are certain things worth fighting for. One thing is our Catholic Faith. I am inclined to think that we Catholics do not fight for the Faith. We *practice* it, but don't *profess* it. What I mean is that we are silent when attacks, either open or veiled, are made on the Faith, particularly in the Press. I understand that members of some religious and political organizations are constantly on the lookout for any expression derogatory to the organizations appearing in the public prints. They immediately lodge a protest with the editor. It seems to me that this is a good way of fighting for the Faith that is in us. I wonder how many of your readers have ever taken the trouble of dropping a line to the editor of a publication that has carried articles or manufactured news items against the Faith. Such a line will do good. I know.

Thanks for the many good things you are giving us in THE SIGN.

F. F. R., Cincinnati, O.

The Advice that Counts

No. 9 in STRAIGHT TALKS ON MARRIAGE

By ANSELM SECOR, C. P.

THIS article is in the nature of a few friendly words on a very important, yet often neglected subject. It is about the advisability of heeding parental advice before entering the married state.

It is not difficult to give counsel to others. Some persons are chronic advisers, always ready to hand out sapient admonition with the slightest urging. They just exude advice, and hover around expectantly, hoping for the chance to impart helpful hints which, in their eyes at least, are as precious as radium. Yes, it is easy to guide others,—but it is not so easy to guide them safely. To do this requires a combination of several very desirable qualities. We must be actuated by sound principles or else we will be setting false lights which may lead to shipwreck. We must have sufficient knowledge, or we will be as the blind who lead the blind. We must have experience, or else we will be giving out mere theories, which may have little practical value.

It is not easy to give *good* advice; nor is it always easy to receive it in the proper spirit. Note the emphasis on the word *good*. Our natural tendency is to welcome joyfully the guidance which points out smooth, though downward paths. When, for instance, some one tells us approvingly to go ahead with the business deal we are interested in, we rejoice at their assent, even though, deep in our heart, we know that there is something shady about the transaction. When a friend urges us not to be so straight-laced and to give ourselves a little more freedom, we beam on him with affection and applaud his pleasant counsel. When some one dares us to hit our opponent in the eye, we welcome such manly words,—provided, of course, that we are stronger than our antagonist.

But, to take good advice, to listen to it, not with sullen pouting or angry denials, or impertinent argument, but with an open mind, and a sincere desire to profit by the wisdom of others—Ah, that is quite another thing!

And this fact is eminently true concerning marriage. For, although some of our modern young people do not seem to suspect the fact, it is nevertheless true that to take prudent counsel before assuming the lifelong obligations of wedlock is the essence of wisdom. The very importance of the step, involving as it does so many and such serious consequences, seems to demand more than merely one's own unaided decision in the matter.

Coming closer to a practical question, we may here inquire: Have children the obligation of heeding parental counsel regarding marriage? Certain it is that not so many years ago, fathers and mothers not only gave authoritative counsel, but in many instances they did the actual choosing; and the young people abided by their wishes. "How unfair," exclaims the modern generation. "I would never submit to such treatment!" Very likely not. And yet, comparing the results from an unbiased angle, we are forced to admit that the average of happy unions was as high in those times as it is in these emancipated days.

WHETHER originated the saying that "Love is Blind" gave utterance to a piece of wisdom, so profound and so penetrating that it will stand for all ages as the very concentrate of wisdom. By-standers—and by this word is meant not merely strangers, but friends and well-wishers—often look with amazement on the foolish course which so-called love sometimes takes, and wonder how adult beings, with even an ordinary allotment of brains, can act as they are acting. Girls will marry ne'er-do-wells and gentlemen loafers, with hardly one redeeming quality to their credit, and this in spite of all the efforts of others to save them from their folly. Young lads will pick partners who are obviously unfit, and all the while they will be full of resentment at any one who dares warn them that they are bringing unhappiness and disaster upon themselves by the course they are following.

How much wiser would it not have been for them to have consulted their parents first instead of relying upon their own immature and often biased judgment? Such a course would have been a prudent investment in happiness.

The position of fathers and mothers in the family undoubtedly gives them a certain right in the matter which, even if not absolute, is nevertheless of enough importance to call for serious consideration. As a matter of fact, marriages which are cloaked under the veil of secrecy, or contracted against the objection of parents, are only too often the preludes to disaster.

Fathers and mothers, wise with the ripe experience which comes with the years, are able, with well-tempered wisdom, to point out the paths of prudent conduct and warn against pitfalls which the eye of the young cannot discern. Besides, they naturally have a deep personal interest in the welfare of their chil-

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dren, an interest which expresses itself in an earnest wish to see them happily married and settled in life. For this reason they scrutinize anxiously every possible suitor, hoping that their dear boy or girl will find a partner who will prove a true helpmate, and not turn out to be a source of discord and unhappiness.

This is not saying that fathers and mothers do not, at times, make blunders, and big ones, too. Perhaps their counsel to their children is neither reasonable nor prudent. Perhaps it is marred by a puritanical rigidity which drives away indiscriminately all company and forces the growing boys and girls to sit at home in lonely isolation, or else to seek, by stealth, that which is denied them within the safe shelter of the home. Or else their counsel tends to make family, friends, social position, or money the standard by which they gauge matrimonial fitness. They look upon a marriage beneath their children's station in life as the great, unpardonable mistake; and on the other hand, in order that their children may acquire husbands or wives who are socially prominent they condone faults even of the gravest character. All this is, of course, utterly wrong; and the parents who have such standards of matrimonial success will have much to answer for before God.

IT is clear that, when evidently wrong advice is given, there is no obligation of following it; rather there is the duty of *not* following it. Which calls to mind the wise answer made by a certain young woman to her mother on some such occasion. The mother—a petty schemer who was anxious to

climb to coveted social heights—was urging her daughter to accept the proposal of a certain man, who, though of good family, had anything but a savory reputation.

"But, mother," objected the girl, "he has such a disreputable past."

"Well," urged the mother, "why hold that against him? He promises to reform, and besides, any man can blot out his past."

"Yes," was the spirited answer, "but he's not going to have me for his blotter!"

And that's that.

Fathers and mothers should bear in mind that they have a most serious obligation to guide their children according to right matrimonial principles. Worldly ambition should not be their chief motive, nor money nor social position. They should rather be actuated by honest affection, based on good, common sense and a reasonable amount of carefulness as regards their material prosperity. With these principles in mind, they will advise their boys and girls wisely, guarding them against the dangers which are only too often hidden from the eyes of youth.

Young people, on their part should be glad to take advantage of the loving protection offered them by those who are their natural advisers. It is a serious mistake for them to view as an unwarranted interference, the wise suggestions which parents make to them. Instead of listening with resentment and ill-will, they should heed their counsels, realizing the fact that, in such a serious step as marriage, the very best and safest guides are one's father and mother.

Flowers of the Martyrs

By CATHERINE BRESNAN

The sun had not yet risen in the East,
And shrouds of darkness swathed the night's long hours,
When in the fury that Hell's wrath released
Rachel was shorn of her most tender flowers.
Their fragrance was still chaliced in their hearts,
Untouched by morning dews or tainted breath
Of earthly air, and purity imparts
A loveliness that even conquers Death.
From crimson depths of their own martyred blood,
In Heaven's courts, eternally they bloom,
Close to the Lamb, for whom each fragrant bud
Exhales in adoration its perfume.
And of the Christ Child's glory they partake,
Who died ere they had lived for His sweet sake,

Mary, Our Patroness

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Passion for May, 1924.)

WHEREVER we find a lack of devotion to the Mother of our Divine Savior, we must believe that it is because there is little or no thought of what Mary has suffered for us. If we do not love our Lady with a love second only to the love that we have for God Himself, then we do not realize or try to realize the great part which she played in our Redemption and the terrible price which she had to pay for us as the Mother of Sorrows.

It is very sad that any Catholic should have a half-hearted love for Mary; but it would be distressing indeed to think that a member of the Archconfraternity of the Passion should be in such a plight. We, at least, ought to be distinguished by a very particular devotion to Mary, as we should be marked by a very strong love of Jesus. For meditating upon the sufferings of Christ, we cannot help thinking of the sorrows of His mother. The tribulations of both are inextricably woven together, from the day when the holy Simeon prophesied to Mary with the Infant in her arms that a sword of grief would pierce her heart until the day when that sword actually did transfix her soul as she stood before her Son upon the Cross of Calvary.

"Whoever goes to our Crucified Lord," said St. Paul of the Cross, "will find His mother with Him. Where the Son is, there is the mother." When speaking of our Lady, we are told that he generally came to her sorrows, and then he would exclaim as though he felt those sorrows himself. "Ah, poor mother, poor mother!" It was Mary who appeared to him as the first to be clothed in the habit of the Passion. And in the Rule of the Passionist Congregation, the religious are exhorted to have Mary "for chief patroness, and to constantly commemorate the most bitter sorrows which she suffered in the Passion and death of her Son."

Surely the members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion should consider these same words as being addressed to themselves together with the members of the Congregation of the Passion. And

they should count it a great privilege that they are called in a special way to this devotion to Mary in the Passion of her Divine Son; for there is none other that will make us so dear to our Lady, there is none other that can teach us so quickly and so surely to love her most tenderly and loyally.

It was this devotion that so inflamed the heart of the worldly-minded youth, Francis Possenti, that in a few years he became the great saint and wonder-worker of our own day, St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin. From the very beginning of his religious life as a Passionist we are told that Gabriel applied himself with all the strength of his mind to meditate on the Passion of Jesus, but that in doing this he always united himself first of all to Mary. That word Jesus, "Behold thy mother!" was no idle word to him, and it was only with his mother and through her that Gabriel contemplated the Passion of her Son. Then, from the contemplation of that Passion, he learned to realize what his mother had suffered in giving up Jesus to the death on the Cross to win eternal happiness for him.

What wonderful things Mary has done and is doing for her little saint is now a matter of history. Although we may not live in a cloister, as members of the Archconfraternity we are Passionists at heart. We have the same meditation set before us as St. Gabriel had. Why cannot we obtain at least something of his childlike love and devotion to our Blessed Mother? During this Eastertime it is fitting to think of Mary in the words of Mother Church as the "cause of our joy." But let us think above all of what it cost our Lady to win that joy for us in the Passion of her Divine Son. Then we too shall inevitably feel our hearts warmed with new love, a tender, child-like love for her who is "our life, our sweetness and our hope"—our Mother and the Patroness of the Archconfraternity.

The members of the Archconfraternity are recommended during this month of May to offer themselves to Mary that she may make them her true children and true Passionists.

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, originated by St. Paul of the Cross, is a canonically established society. It has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership in it is to have one's name registered. Its main purpose is to cultivate a personal devotion to Jesus Christ Crucified. For its more efficient operation, three degrees of membership have been instituted. **First Degree** Members say daily Five Our Fathers and Five Hail Marys in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ, and also make, morning and evening, an Offering of the Precious Blood. **Second Degree** Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. **Third Degree** Members make fifteen Minutes Meditation daily on the Sacred Passion, besides performing the works of the First and Second Degrees. The **Spiritual Activity** of the Archconfraternity consists in a **Crusade of Prayers and Good Works** for the conversion of sinners, especially for the conversion of China, and for the welfare of the Passionist Missionaries in China. Please send your name for enrollment to THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

The Passion in Jerusalem

By CYPRIEN JOURDAN, C. P.

IT was with an impression of security and of happiness that the little band of Apostles entered the Cenacle. The table had already been set. It was very low and in rectangular form, of which one of the smaller sides remained open to permit of service. Large divans were arranged around the table.

Formerly, the Hebrews ate the Pasch standing and in an attitude of travelers in order to recall the circumstances of its institution, but during the Roman epoch, and long before the time of Christ, the custom had been introduced of reclining on divans as for other repasts.



"THIS IS MY BODY"

Jesus took the place in the middle, reclining on the left side. The elbow of the left arm rested upon a cushion and the hand supported the head. The right hand remained free. At a sign from the Master, St. John, the beloved Apostle, placed himself in front of Him, the other Apostles distributing themselves in the remaining places with contented eagerness.

Jesus directed towards them a look of indescribable tenderness. "With desire," He said, "with desire have I desired to eat this Pasch with you before I suffer." The Apostles, disturbed and anxious, looked at each other. With His own divine hands the Savior

had prepared the first cup of wine. He blessed it, touched His lips with it, and passed it around. "Take and drink ye all of this," He continued; "as for Me, I shall drink no more of the fruit of the vine until I drink it new in the Kingdom of God, my Father."

Then it was that a discussion, commenced in a subdued tone among some of the Apostles, became very animated and loud. What was the subject of it? No doubt the question of precedence in the Kingdom to come, or perhaps some feeling of jealousy on the subject of the places occupied at the table.

"The kings of the Gentiles," observed Jesus with firmness, "lord it over them and those who rule them are called beneficent. But you are not so; but he who is the greater among you, let him be the least; and he that is the leader, as he that serveth. For which is greater? He that sitteth at table or he that serveth? Is it not he that sitteth at table? But I am in the midst of you as he that serveth."

Suiting the action to the word, Christ rose from His place, laid aside His mantle, girded Himself with a towel, poured some water into a basin, and going round the table began to wash the feet of the Apostles.

It was the custom, when the master of the house wished to give a particular mark of esteem to a guest, to have his feet washed by a slave; here it is the Master of the world who Himself begins to perform this humiliating service for all, including Judas. They, in silent wonder, allowed Him to perform His task.

But when it was Peter's turn, he could not contain himself: "Lord," he cried, "dost thou wash my feet!"

Jesus insisted with sweetness. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Peter protested vehemently. "Thou shalt never wash my feet!"

"If I wash thee not," answered Jesus sternly, "thou shalt have no part with Me."

Then answered the impetuous Apostle: "Lord, not only my feet, but also my hands and my head!"

"He that is washed," observed Jesus, "needeth not but to wash his feet (the Apostles were wearing sandals) for he is all clean."

Then rising from bodily cleanliness to purity of soul, Jesus said: "You are clean, but not all."

THE sublime scene was finished in silence. Jesus returned to His place at table and began again to address the Apostles. "Know you what I have done to you? You call me Master and Lord, and you say well, for so I am. If, then, I, being your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you also ought to

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wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that as I have done to you, so you do also."

Then His countenance became sad and severe. "The Son of Man indeed goeth, as it is written of Him, but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man shall be betrayed; it were better for him had that man never been born. One of you is about to betray Me."

A feeling of pained amazement filled all the Apostles; but soon rising in a body, they turned to Christ and demanded:—"Is it I, Lord; is it I?"

Jesus contented Himself with the indefinite reply: "One of the twelve who dippeh his hand with Me in the dish."

Judas himself, in order not to betray himself, had the effrontery to put the same question:—"Thou hast said it," answered the Savior in a whisper.

Everyone had returned to his place, but surprise, anguish, wrath burned in the heart of Peter. Not being able to restrain himself, but being too far away from the Master to learn secretly the name of the traitor, he made a sign to St. John to ask Him.

Turning around, the well-beloved Apostle leant his head upon the breast of the Savior and in a low tone, trembling with emotion, asked Him: "Who is it, Lord?"

"He it is to whom I shall reach bread dipped."

For the Paschal feast, unleavened bread was served. It was baked in the form of very thin round cakes; it was then boken in pieces and served from a common dish.

Hardly had Judas received the morsel than Satan entered into his soul. Seeing himself unmasked, the traitor rose and went toward the door. "That which thou hast to do, do quickly," Jesus remarked to him.

Judas had disappeared: as for Peter and John, they scarcely suspected the reason of the abrupt departure.

Delivered of the odious presence of the Iscariot, the heart of Jesus was raised to a sublime transport.

"Now," said Jesus, "is the Son of Man glorified, and God, His Father, is glorified in Him."

THEN it was that Christ took into His holy and venerable hands one of the cakes of unleavened bread prepared for the repast. He raised towards heaven His divine eyes, aglow with love; then lowered them again on this humble matter; with His right hand He blessed it and after having broken it into morsels, He presented it to the Apostles, saying: "Take and eat; this is My Body." Then in turn He took the cup of wine, blessed it likewise, and handed it to the Apostles, saying: "Drink ye all of this; this is My Blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for you and for many unto the remission of sins." Then He added: "Do this in commemoration of Me."

Amazed, beside themselves, the Apostles listened to the astounding words of the Savior. They had consumed each one a morsel of this heavenly Bread, the flesh of their Divine Master; they had raised to their lips the cup containing His blood.

And then it was their memory retraced the scene enacted the year before in the Synagogue at Capharnaum. It was the day after that on which He had fed more than five thousand persons with five loaves and two fishes. The people marvelling were following the Messiah. "Lord," they said, "give us always of this bread." "I am the living Bread," the Savior had answered. Protests arose, but Jesus affirmed with all the more force: "I am the living Bread that came down from Heaven. If any one eat of this bread, he shall live forever, and the bread that I shall give him is My flesh for the life of the world."

This discourse had appeared to the Apostles very strange, and it had required all their faith in the o-



THE INSTITUTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

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nipotence of their adorable Master to believe the realization.

But this Bread of Life they now had before their eyes. Such had the Savior unmistakably described it. They had partaken of it. Still more, He had ordered them to renew this prodigy. "As for you, after My departure from this world, you shall take bread and wine into your hands, you shall pronounce over them these same formulas that I have just employed, and then, as now, the bread and wine will be changed into My body and My blood, for your nourishment and for that of my future disciples. Do this yourselves, through your successors, everywhere, always; always and everywhere I shall obey your voice."

"This is My Body—this is My Blood—Do this in commemoration of Me!" How clear, how emphatic are these words! If Christ had intended to give us only a sign, a symbol, pure and simple, He would have been well able to say so. Whenever He used an allegory, a similitude, it is well known that the Evangelists say: Jesus spoke in a parable, used this similitude. Here, without introduction, without qualification, without explanation, either before or after, we are told precisely: Jesus said: 'This is My Body; this is My Blood; the Body to be delivered up, the Blood to be shed; that is what I give you. And you, what will you do in receiving it? Always remember henceforth what I have done tonight.'

"Oh, my Savior! once more, what clearness, what precision, what emphasis! At the same time, what authority and what power there is in your words! 'Woman, thou art whole'; and she is well in an instant! 'This is My Body': it is His Body! 'This is My Blood': it is His Blood! Who could speak in such a way unless all things were subject to his power? Who could make men believe when he spoke thus, if He to Whom to speak and to do are one and the same thing? My soul, here cease your reasonings, believe as simply, as strongly as your Savior has spoken; with as much submission as He gives evidence of authority and power. In the ancient form of Communion, the Priest said: 'The Body of Jesus Christ!' and the faithful answered: 'Amen'—it is so. All was done, all was said, all was explained by these three words. I hold my peace, I believe, I adore: that is all to be said and done!" (Bossuet—Meditations on the Gospel: La Cène—22nd Day.)

THE eyes of the Savior glance again at the attentive and thoughtful faces of the Apostles. "My little children," He said, "my little children, yet a little while I am with you. But I leave you a new commandment, to help you to console yourselves in My absence, and that is, that you love one another as I have loved you."

Never had the ancient world even dreamed of anything like this. It was reserved for Christianity to carry down the ages as the characteristic mark of her Divine origin—love for the neighbor; love rising to the sublime height of that of Christ Himself; love carried to the absolute renouncement of oneself, even to the sacrifice of one's life.

Then the Savior continued to speak at length to the Apostles. This last conversation, upon which the Synoptics are silent, has been preserved for us by St. John. It is not a discourse but an affectionate and informal talk that began in the Cenacle and continued along the road that led over the Cedron and up to the entrance of Gethsemane.

Deeply touched by their sadness over the thought of the imminent separation, Jesus seeks to assuage the bitterness. "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I shall go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and take you to Myself." Even after His departure He will always continue His real, although invisible presence, and will manifest it by even greater prodigies than He Himself had performed during His life, for "whatever you shall ask the Father in My name, He shall grant it unto you."

BESIDES, He will not leave them orphans. After a little while He will send to them the Paraclete, the Holy Spirit, who will teach them all things and recall to their minds His precepts. "My peace I leave with you," continues Jesus. "Let not your heart be troubled nor let it be afraid. If you loved Me, you would indeed be glad because I go to the Father. I have spoken to you all things in order that your faith may increase when you shall see My words accomplished. I will not now speak many things with you, because the prince of this world cometh."

The details of the treason of Judas and of the arrest were arranged in effect at the house of the Chief Priests; soon Satan, in the person of Judas, was going to appear accompanied by menials of the Sanhedrin and to lay sacrilegious hands upon the person of the Son of God.

"When I sent you without scrip, without purse, without staff, were you in want of anything?" Jesus asked again. "Nothing," the Apostles answered. "But now," He said, "he who has a scrip, let him take it, and a purse also; and he who has no sword, let him sell his coat and buy one." (The Savior wished to forewarn them in figurative language that they would henceforth be exposed to all kinds of attacks.) "Lord," they said with eagerness, "here are two swords." "It is sufficient," answered Jesus evasively. "But arise, let us go hence!" Christ was the first to arise from table; He opened the door and calmly and courageously went forth to sufferings and to death.

THE APPEAL OF

JESUS CRUCIFIED

The articles in this section while intended primarily for members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion, will be helpful to all. They will serve as a guide to lead us to the Cross, there to learn the measure of



Christ's love for us, and to gather strength against our own sinfulness. We ask all our readers to join the Archconfraternity. Its obligations are few and easy. Address THE SIGN for application blanks and leaflets.

THE RISEN CHRIST

And the Angel answering said to the women, "Fear not you, for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen as He said." (Matt. 28, 7.)

FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

(Consideration and affections to the Risen Savior.)

Easter-time is a time of rejoicing. But only those who understand the reason for that rejoicing can appreciate this blessed season. And what is the cause of our gladness? The Resurrection of our Divine Savior from the dead, victorious over sin and death and hell, and assuring to each of us also a glorious resurrection and a life of eternal happiness if we but follow Him on earth.

Yet this triumph and victory of Jesus mean that a struggle must have gone before; and only as we comprehend the nature and the bitterness of that struggle can we estimate the glory and joy of the victory. Hence our Easter rejoicing will be measured according to our realization of the awful battle waged by our Redeemer in His Passion against the powers of darkness, and of the tremendous importance of that fight for each one of us. In a word, one who does not understand the Passion of Christ cannot truly rejoice in the Resurrection of Christ. The Resurrection is but the showing forth of the victory that was won upon the Cross. Thus, if we read the Gospel narrative of the first Easter-time, we shall find that the thought of the Passion of our Savior is really the predominant thought of this season, we shall find this Passion-thought far more prominent after Easter Sunday than it was before Good Friday.

The very first word of the angel at the sepulchre to the holy women on that first Easter Sunday morning gives us an indication of the strong Passion motive which is to run through this entire Easter season. "I know that you seek" he says, "Jesus who was crucified." And St. Luke adds that the angel said further:

"Remember how He spoke unto you, when He was yet in Galilee, saying, 'The Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.'"

When Jesus Himself appears, in His glorified body are the marks of His Passion, the glorious trophies that He will bear for all eternity. These wounds He shows to His apostles at His first manifestation to them in the supper room at Jerusalem. "Thomas, one of the twelve, who is called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples, therefore, said to him: We have seen the Lord. But he said to them: Except I shall see in his hands

the prints of the nails, and put my fingers into the place of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe. And after eight days, again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them. Jesus, cometh, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said: Peace be to you. Then He said to Thomas: Put in thy finger hither and see my hands, and bring hither thy hand and put it into my side and be not faithless, but believing. Thomas answered, and said to him: My Lord and my God." (John, xx: 24, 25.)

Again we find the Passion-thought predominant in the manifestation of our Savior to the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, when He rebuked them for their grieving over the crucifixion of their Master: "O foolish, and slow of heart to believe in all things

which the prophets have spoken! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?"

And finally, on the very day of His Ascension into Heaven, almost the very last words of our Lord refer to His Passion. After explaining to His disciples how everything in the Law of Moses and the Prophets and the Psalms were written concerning Him-



"HE IS NOT HERE!"

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self, He says to them: "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise again from the dead the third day."

O Jesus, teach me how to have the true spirit and the real joy of this Easter-time. Let me rejoice with Thee in the glorious triumph of Thy Resurrection from the dead. But make me realize too that this Divine victory was won only by Thy terrible sufferings on Calvary. Thou art my Risen Lord, Jesus, but Thou wilt always be my Lord Who was crucified for love of me. I kiss Thy sacred wounds. I am so glad that Thou didst will to have them in Thy glorified body. They will show me for all eternity how great is Thy love for me, and will make me remember what a price Thou didst pay for my eternal happiness. O Jesus, my rejoicing in Thy Resurrection is so lukewarm. It is all because I do not understand what a triumph Thou didst win upon the Cross for Thyself, for me, and for all men. I do not think of how Thou didst fight against all the powers of hell to win heaven for me. Help me, Jesus, to understand better what the victory of Thy Passion means to me and to all of us. Then I shall learn how to rejoice during these days of Easter-time. Then my heart will be filled with the Easter gladness that only Thou canst bestow. (*Continue making such affections as long as you feel your heart moved by them.*)

SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and affections directed to our own spiritual improvement.)

"To whom also He showed Himself alive after His passion by many proofs, for forty days appearing to them and speaking of the kingdom of God and eating together with them." (Acts, 1:3, 4.)

Surely those forty days of the first Easter-time must have been filled with unspeakable joy for our Blessed Lady and the disciples. What wondrous lessons our Divine Savior must have taught, what great blessings He must have showered upon His loved ones during these days! So it is that Mother Church set apart this Easter season to have us live in spirit with our Risen Lord and learn something of what He is just as eager to teach to us as to His disciples of old.

Yet, we have just now been considering what was the one great lesson which ran as a motive through all the teaching of Our Lord after His Resurrection—the lesson of His Passion. Before His Resurrection, that lesson had never been welcome to the disciples, and when Jesus did refer to it, they were troubled exceedingly (Matt. 17:22), while Peter even rebuked Him for talking about it, so that our Savior said to him: "Go behind me, Satan, because thou art a scandal to me; thou savorest not the things that are of God, but the things that are of men." When the Passion-time did come, all, as Christ had foretold, "were scandal-

ized in Him." Peter denied Him, all fled from Him, and after His death they seemed like the disciples on the way to Emmaus, men who had "hoped that it was Christ that should have redeemed Israel, but now He that we hoped in has been crucified." Even when they saw their Risen Master, they were at first unable to trust their senses.

But now, during these Easter days, Jesus returns insistently to the old theme of His Passion. Now that He stands before them, triumphant over all His sufferings, victorious over death itself, there is no reason for them to be scandalized as they had been before. Now they can see that "it behooved Christ to suffer these things" and that the very Passion over which they have been sorrowing was the way in which their Master had triumphed over sin and death and hell.

Henceforth, they are to "run by patience to the fight proposed to them, looking on Jesus, the author and finisher of faith, Who, having joy set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame, and now sits at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. 12, 1, 2). Now they are to "count it all joy when they shall fall into divers tribulations" (James, 1:2), knowing that through these they are to be made conformable to Jesus, their love for God is to be tested and purified, and that "these sufferings are not worthy to be compared with the glory that is to come." (Romans, 8:18.)

Thus, all through their Epistles is to run this great Passion theme, told over and over again, the same story of their Master, the same struggle for themselves. In the Cross alone they are to glory (Galatians 6:14); that is to be their standard, their way of suffering which is to lead at last to their own Passion time and then to their own Easter morning.

O Jesus, I know that Thou art risen from the dead. I believe that it was by Thy Passion that Thou wilted to win Thy eternal glory. I know too that only in this way can I also prove my love for God and enter heaven with Thee. And yet, how often is the Cross of suffering a scandal to me as it was to Thy disciples before Thy Resurrection? O, teach me during these Easter days, as Thou didst teach them, to understand that it is necessary for me to suffer for Thee. Teach me to cling to every Cross that Thou dost send to me or permit to come to me, whether it be of physical or mental suffering. I do not ask to understand why these sufferings are sent to me. All that I ask is the grace to bow my head in obedience and submission, and to suffer for love of Thee as Thou didst suffer for love of me.

FRUIT OF MEDITATION: I shall try to see behind the darkness of every Cross the sunshine of Easter Sunday.

EJACULATION: O Jesus, let me suffer with Thee on earth, that I may be forever happy with Thee in Heaven.

WITH THE JUNIOR



READERS OF THE SIGN

When the Winter Goes

BY CONSTANCE NULTY

That over night a rose should come
I one time did believe,
For, when the fairies live with me,
They wilfully deceive.
But now I know this perfect thing
Under the frozen sod
Through cold and storm grew patiently,
Obedient to God.
My wonder grows since knowledge came
Odd fancies to dismiss,
And courage comes: was not the rose
A winter doing this?

* * * * *

It may be I, who cannot see
What God wills not to show,
Will some day bear a rose for Him
It took my life to grow.

My dear Junior Signers:

We have all heard the remark made to an ill mannered child, "Easily known the mother that brought you up." The mother's influence is always manifest in the child. We are the children of Mary, but do our lives reveal the benign, salutary influence of this Heavenly Mother? If they do not, then we are her children in name only. During this, her month, let us all make special efforts so to act that we may be called in very truth children of Mary.

Now a word about the Junior Controversy. Some of you misunderstand this controversy, thinking that it is causing hard feelings between the girls and the boys. As a matter of fact, Bud and Rose are very good friends, and our other little contributors are on the best of terms with one another. One little lady who has written Bud some very sarcastic letters confesses, "I really do like Bud," and she actually sends him a pretty, holy picture, on which is written, "To dear Bud." After all, are not our best friends they who point out to us our faults so that we can correct them?

For the month of June we shall have a competitive composition, the subject for the girls being, "The Ideal Boy;" and for the boys, "The Ideal Girl." This competition is open to all grammar, high school, and academy pupils. The compositions must be limited to 300 words, and must be sent to Daddy Sen Fu, THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J., not later than May 28th. The two best

compositions by the boys and the girls in the grammar grades will be published in the June Sign; also the two best by the boys and girls in the higher grades. Special prizes will be given to the winners. Now then let us see what our budding authors can do. All of us are anxious to know just what your ideal boy, or ideal girl is like. Asking you once again to act throughout this month as becomes true children of Mary, I remain,

Affectionately yours,

DADDY.

Dear Bud:

I thank you for the good advice that you have so kindly given us, but I honestly think you should have kept it for yourself. You need it so much more than we do.

You say that everyone in the world knows that girls cry more than boys. But I tell you that the boys in our class are the real cry babies. Sister says one looks just like a weeping willow all the time, and Sister always tells the truth.

You boys never can mind your own business. Just now Edward K— came along and gave me a slap. Sister made him stand out in the room. She said she wished that he were in India. I thought the same thing, but I didn't say a word, bearing it all in silence as we brave girls do.

Sister is forever telling the boys to make little sacrifices for poor little Bobby Mite Box, but it goes in one ear and out the other. The poor little fellow would starve to death, were it not for us big hearted little girls.

Daddy wrote to me and asked me to pray for you and all boys in German. I had to laugh when I read that. If our Sister should hear me praying in German, she would give me a look that would sit me on the tail of Halley's comet. I don't know German, nor do I wish to learn. Chinese is what I wish to learn for I'm going over to China some day to take care of the little heathen babies. Are you going to China, Bud? I bet anything you won't get any further than the rail-road station, then you will shed so many tears that you will have to swim your way back home! Believe me, Mr. Bud,

Yours in the best of humor,

ALVERA.

Dear Bud:

Sister reads your letters to us, and I tell you, you surely deserve to go to heaven when you die for giving the girls such very good advice. Alvera told you that we boys cry. Well, we do when the girls get the best of us, but I told her to read the bible and she would find that Our Lord cried, too. Then the little lady said: "No, He did

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not: He only wept." How can you argue with such a foolish duckling!

The high school girls had a candy sale for the mission the other day and our class bought a box of home made candy for our Bishop. Sister said that one of the precious girls could have the honor of bringing the candy to the Bishop. Esther Z— was chosen, and after Sister had instructed her about an hour, and told her just how to act, Sister said, "Now, Esther, I know you will do right." I said, "Excuse me, Sister, but I know she will not; the girls always make a mess of things." When Esther came back Sister asked her what she said to the Bishop. The dear child said: "Well, I went into the room, and he told me to sit down and he asked me what I had in the box. I said, 'Well, we had a candy sale, and this was left over, so we thought we might as well give it to you.'" Billy Bell said that was as bright as midnight; we all agreed with him, even Sister. Sister says that a bright boy will be chosen the next time!!!

I am glad that there is such a place as China. We boys are going there just as soon as we are big enough. The girls say that they are going too, but we should worry. By the time the girls get started we boys will be ready to come back.

Bud, we Kentuckians stick together like glue; we hope that you New York boys do the same. If we don't win this fight, my name isn't Kelley. There will be no living with the girls if they win.

Believe me, Bud, your sympathizing pal,

PAUL KELLEY.

Dear Bud:

So you think that all girls are selfish and lazy and that they never think of anyone but themselves. Well, let me tell you a true story which will prove that your opinion is wrong. The other day when I was going to Mass, a man who is nearly blind asked me if it was all right to cross the street. I said that it was, and taking him by the hand led him across. When we reached the other side he said, "I have asked lots of boys and even men the same question which I just asked you, and they did not answer me. Some looked around at me and then walked on. Little Miss, always be willing to help one that is in need and you will get a great reward." Then he thanked, blessed me, and walked on. You may think that we girls are selfish, Bud, but action speaks louder than words.

About that little girl who was harder to bring up than her four brothers, don't you think that being an only girl, her mother might have spoiled her? That's what I think. I'm afraid you don't see the right side of things, bright boy! Little puppies open their eyes after nine days; some boys don't open their eyes until they're 40 years old! Think this over, Bud, and believe me,

Yours till you see the right side of things,

ETHEL G.

Dear Quarrelsome Bud:

I saw your answer to Alvera's letter and just had to join in, in defense of the girls. To begin with, neither girls nor boys cry much, nowadays; crying may be rightly called a lost art. I quite agree with Alvera that boys are very

lazy. I have brothers of my own and I know that were all the dishes in the house dirty, they would starve to death sooner than wash any from which to eat. And they are no different from other boys. I am abstaining from candy and am not going to the movies during Lent. All my extra pennies I am saving for Bobby Mite Box, and my baby sisters are doing the same. I should like to know what you are doing to help the poor little heathens over in Ch'na, Master Bud. Really, Bud, I think you are much too fond of yourself to bother much about things.

Yours till you see your finish,

VERONICA.

Dear Bud:

He that proves too much, proves nothing. From the fact that one girl does not help her mother with the house work, you can not conclude that all girls are lazy and good for nothing but to play. My brothers never help mother in the house, but I know some boys who do. There are exceptions to almost every rule.

I do not agree with Alvera that you should get more slaps. I think a good scolding from mother does more good than any number of slaps. I dread to have my mother scold me, and I think most children have the same fear. I think that Alvera is right in saying that you showed no manliness in allowing your little sister Gracie to fix her doll house. You should have done that for her. You say Gracie does not help your mother around the house. Well, if you are older, you should do the work and let her go out and play.

You do not seem to know very much about girls' characters, but you will learn a whole lot if this controversy continues much longer. I only hope that you will think over all that we girls are telling you. I remain,

Yours till the boys and girls see only good in one another,
REGINA.

Good News

Although Circle 10 has been rather quiet this year, it has lost none of its zeal for the salvation of the poor Chinese. We enclose five dollars which we have collected within the past two weeks. Although some of the boys are rather tight, they actually beat the girls this time. We feel very much happier when we make little sacrifices during the holy time of Lent.

Very respectfully yours,

CIRCLE 10. (Grade VII.)

Still Waiting

Some time ago I read in The Sign about the two little girls who conducted a bazaar and realized twenty dollars for the Chinese Missions. I have been waiting for two boys to do the same, but—waiting in vain. The boys say that they are smarter than the girls, but actions always speak louder than words. If they do not hurry up, I know two little girls who are going to run another bazaar, and then the boys will be utterly disgraced. I write this to give them fair warning.

Hoping that the boys will learn how to take as good care of Bobby Mite Box as the girls, I remain,

GENEVIEVE. (Not very sweet.)



Chinese Babies - - - A Perilous Journey - - - Soldier or Bandit - - - Gemma's League

Chinese Babies

IN China women and children are bought and sold like cattle. And when they are no longer serviceable, they are cast away to endure hunger, disease and a miserable death. It is the practice of paganism. As a positive contradiction of Our



FR. DOMINIC

Divine Lord's teaching, one can easily recognize in it the devil's defiant cry: "I will not serve!" The hard struggle between missionaries and the evil spirits goes on every day. For the sake of the souls whom Christ redeemed, the priests make every effort to persuade the poor people to adopt Christian ideas and conduct. Many do so as long as shelter, food, clothing, or some other temporal gain is offered them. But when they see no immediate advantage, the selfishness, the superstition, the sensuality of paganism drags them along in despicable slavery.

The missionaries of Christ Crucified would indeed be discouraged were it not for the consolations given them. They are urged on in their heroic labors by the thought of the innocent babes baptized and in heaven interceding for them, by the fidelity and fervor of the Christians brought up

in the true faith from childhood, and by the peace and happiness visible in the countenances of the dying whom God favored with the gifts of believing and the grace of holy baptism. One soul saved for eternal happiness, one victory for Jesus Crucified is enough to enkindle a raging fire of zeal in the hearts of His missionaries.

The letters of Father Dominic and Father Edmund from Shenchowfu tell us some interesting facts about Chinese Babies, and incidently some difficulties that retard the success of their mission.

"This morning," writes Father Dominic, "I thought much of the children in America and our good benefactors there, who have sent us five dollars and more to buy Chinese Babies. Over and over again, I wished they were all here in this compound to see what was going on and what these babies are like. The experience would never be forgotten.

"About nine o'clock in the morning, a little crowd of Chinese women, each one with a baby or two, gathered in the yard. Steadily the number increased until noon when we counted two hundred babies and their nurses. What a strange motley crowd! Most of them were in rags. Some had the babies strapped to their backs. Others carried them in rice baskets. Some babies were in buckets or boxes, and others were trudging along by the side of a youngster not much bigger than the baby. Such is holy childhood in China.

"The nurses came today to have their little charges inspected and receive, each one a dollar to try to keep the baby alive for another month. It may seem incredible, but in many of these cases the would-be nurse is none other than the mother herself. She comes here with the baby half starved and half dead, and begs the Church to take care of it and bring it up. Not having an infant asylum, nor Sisters to manage such a place, the next best thing the Church can do is to engage the one who brings the baby to be its nurse, even though she happens to be the mother of the child, or some poor beggar that manages to pick up an abandoned infant somewhere, and through the money the Church gives for the support of it she may keep herself and the baby alive for a while longer.

"As the Chinese pagans can traffic in things most sacred for the sake of a few cents, the utmost vigilance and care must be exercised in order to prevent deception on the part of the nurses. For in a moment of anger or for some reason, these pagan women may destroy the child and next month return with a substitute, the original having gone to a better life. Again, they come with any baby they find, and claim it is the same one they brought last month.

"When babies are brought to the Mission, they are baptized and a document is written out in Chinese that the baby belongs to the Church. This transaction means a dollar each time

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for the man who draws up the document. The Church then can claim the child at any time. The little one is sealed in such a way that any tampering with the seal can very easily be detected. A red cord is tied around the baby's neck, and fastened with a small piece of lead much in the same way as tags are secured to the doors of freight cars in America. Such is the dexterity of Chinese fingers however, that even this method does not always prevent some deception.

"Imagine, if you can, all the anxiety and expense implied in this part of our mission work. Today five men were engaged in these transactions of saving babies for the Church. It takes time and requires much patience to find out from each one how the babies are in health and what kind of treatment they receive. In case the baby dies, we have a shed near at hand filled with small plain boxes that serve as coffins, and a place near the church where the little bodies are laid to rest.

"When they live, the monthly inspection and payment goes on regularly for five years. After that time they are received into the school, really an orphan asylum, and supported there for the rest of their days unless some home can be found for them. We have over three hundred children in this orphanage at the present time. It means a heavy expense to feed and clothe and educate such a crowd of growing youngsters. Most of them are too young to work, and the older ones help as much as they can. Sometimes the parents of these unfortunate children manifest their natural feelings and give some assistance. But such help is meager, and more frequently the parents come begging the Church to help them.

"Were it not for the money given us by our friends and generous benefactors in America, we could never carry on this apostolic work. How the Fathers manage to get along in the other missions must be known to God alone. They have not only the care of orphans and the poor, but the anxiety and trouble of building chapels or schools. This is the only place in the district with church, schools, and priest's house, and such is the progress from day to day that one can

foresee in a few years these present buildings will be too small for the purpose and larger accommodations will be necessary."

As another illustration of the treatment of Chinese children, the following incident that happened recently at Shenchowfu is taken from a letter of Father Edmund. During Father Dominic's absence, he was obliged to assume charge of all the affairs of the mission.

"About two weeks ago," he writes, "it was my experience to relieve one of the most pathetic cases that ever came to my attention. At the close of a very busy day, I noticed a venerable old man wending his way towards the house. Thinking he wanted an alms, I waited for him. He was indeed in quest of help, and this was his story:

"Seven years ago in a little village to the north of Shenchow, a baby girl was born. The mother, an exemplary Christian woman, died in childbirth. For a time it was thought the frail little infant would not long survive its parent, but God, for His own wise reasons, permitted her to live.

"With her mother dead, this little one lost the heart that would have loved her, the gentle hand that would have never wearied in caring for her. During the years of helpless infancy, when the babe craves for a mother's fond embrace, the warm kiss of a mother's lips, this child knew only privation and suffering. Her father, a pagan and an opium addict, brought her up in the most vile surroundings. As she advanced in years, he regarded her more and more as a useless expense; it meant another mouth had to be filled besides his own. The spark of life burned none too brightly

in her delicate body, and the father could easily have quenched it as many another pagan father had done before him. The momentary gain was too little for such a step.

"With cool deliberation, this pagan decided to bide his time and keep the child until she was old enough to be sold. He would thus rid himself of the burden and obtain money for opium. So when her seventh year had come, the father offered her for sale. A purchaser was not hard to find, and for a couple of paltry dollars this man sold his child into a slavery worse than death. He then returned home to enjoy in a few smokes of opium the price of his heartless deed.

"This was the state of the case, when the old man, her grandfather, came to the mission weeping and trembling and asking for help. We saw at once there was no time to be lost. Here was a helpless little child of God exposed to misery and ruin. Jesus Christ suffered and died for her soul. No effort could be too great to rescue her from the power of the devil and his pagan servant.

"Though it was late in the evening, I went with the old man to search for the child. We soon located her whereabouts, and then began the trouble. Her owner was reluctant even to discuss the matter. He had made a bargain, paid the price, and we had no business to interfere. He could not understand why foreigners were so interested in a little girl, unless the story were true that foreigners took the hearts of little children and sent them to America for medicine. We argued that the child was a Christian, and therefore belonged to God and His Church and not to him. Moreover, we offered him the price he paid for her and more than the price. I felt relieved when at length he consented to let us take the little girl and handed her over to us.

"She presented a truly pitiable sight when brought to the mission: clad in rags, blue from the cold, and covered with vermin. The mistress of the school soon made a wonderful transformation in her new charge. The other children in the school voluntarily parted with some little article of clothing until their new companion looked more like one of them-

A pious remembrance is requested in the prayers and good works of the readers of THE SIGN in behalf of the following recently deceased:

REV. JOHN P. WALSH, C. S. Sp.
SISTER MARY MAGDALEN (Diamond)
THOMAS HART
THOMAS GORMLEY
JANE BYRNES
WILLIAM CLIFFORD
JOHN T. FENTON
MARY MURPHY
ANNA BURKE
WILLIAM MURRAY
MICHAEL COSTELLO
JAMES McDONNELL
MR. G. HUNT
MR. FAULKNER

My their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the Mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

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selves. I saw the child a few moments ago in the yard playing with the other girls. Though her face still shows traces of the privations and suffering through which she has passed, there is also a look of peace and happiness in her features, for at last she has found a real home.

"I wonder now about her future. Do you know of some motherly heart that will pity this unfortunate child and provide for her future? Is there in America some family circle, that has been broken by the Angel of Death, and some mother who longs for the little one whom God has taken to Himself? How pleasing to that child in heaven it would be for her mother to be kind and helpful to this little girl in Shenchowfu!

"This case is not unique. We have others like it. This one is recorded to give you some idea of the mission work here. The Sacred Heart of Christ, pleading again and again 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me,' will not forget the part you have rendered in their salvation. He will reward you now and in the future life."

A Perilous Journey

MANY readers will remember the experience of Father Timothy with bandits last Fall when he was ill treated and robbed on the way to Shenchowfu. Father Quentin accompanied him on the return trip and gives us a very interesting account of the journey.



FR. QUENTIN

On October the 11th, Father Dominic informed me that I was to go with Father Timothy to Kienyang. Meanwhile Father Timothy had learned that a fleet of boats filled with merchandise would start up the river on the morrow. He immediately set out to find a boat to accompany them, for it is safer to go in a crowd than alone. The boy hired a sampan, and my trunks and baggage were soon removed to it. We started on our perilous journey early in the morning of October 12th.

We had not gone very far when cries of "Sen Fu! Sen Fu!" rang out repeatedly. It proved to be Father Constantine, who had followed us on horseback, bringing a watch, fountain pen and a few other things we had left at Shenchow. In our hurry to start, and the excitement of getting all things ready, we wonder that more things were not forgotten. The boat pulled in to shore, and we got all the things we should have taken with us. We treated Father Constantine to fruit and nuts we found on the boat and took some pride in showing him

heard many stories of the bandits. Sentinels were on guard every night. The next day the fleet started for Luki. As the wind was favorable, the boats made good time and reached the town about three o'clock in the afternoon. This is one of Father Paul's stations and we visited the mission. The daughter of the Catechist was in charge at the time and knew Father Timothy very well. On leaving, a donation of two chickens was given to us. When we returned, we found out that the men on the other boats were murmuring against our presence and



FATHERS DOMINIC AND EDMUND AT SHENCHOWFU

our state rooms. It is some home. With blankets we made partitions. The rear of the boat will be our sleeping quarters, and there we can sit down or lie down, but never stand up erect. The second space permitted us to take up some of the floor, and by standing on the very bottom of the boat, it was possible to stand erect, and this place will serve for our chapel where we intend to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice every morning. The rest of the boat we turned over to the eight soldiers who accompanied us and the ten boatmen who accepted the front part as their quarters. After Father Constantine left, we crawled into our bunks for the night.

It was raining heavily on the following day, and the boats would not go ahead as long as the rain continued. We had joined the other boats and

wanted us separated from the fleet. At dawn the next morning the fleet started to move very slowly, for rumors about the bandits became more and more frequent.

At Sa Chi Wan, we heard shooting across the river. It was found out later that some soldiers were guarding a log raft and were shooting at bandits in effigy. We stopped for the night a little distance beyond the town. As the other boatmen were showing a very ugly spirit towards us, we sent our cards to the commander of the soldiers on the merchant boats. Huan Lien Fu, the commander, came immediately to see us, and after a pleasant visit, departed assuring us he would take good care of our boat. Late that same evening, the other boats moved up and anchored all around us. We could not find out the reason for

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such a move and at such a late hour.

We continued our trip the next day as far as Pushi, where our soldiers wanted to stop and go ashore. But we refused to wait for them, and threatened them with punishment if they did not come with us as we were anxious to reach Chenki. We arrived at Chenki about four o'clock. This is Father Paul's home mission. As the other boats had not arrived we decided to stop at the mission and say Mass there on the following day. In the morning we heard that none of the boats would travel that day because of the heavy rain. While at Chenki, we received a telegram from Father Hypollitus at Yuanchow, saying that soldiers would meet us and escort us

and to Yuanchow. Father Timothy sent his boy to repay the money he had borrowed, when on his way down, the bandits left him shoeless, hatless, and penniless. The pagan woman, from whom Father Timothy had borrowed the money, came down to the boat to see us. Later we returned the visit and also went to see the station here.

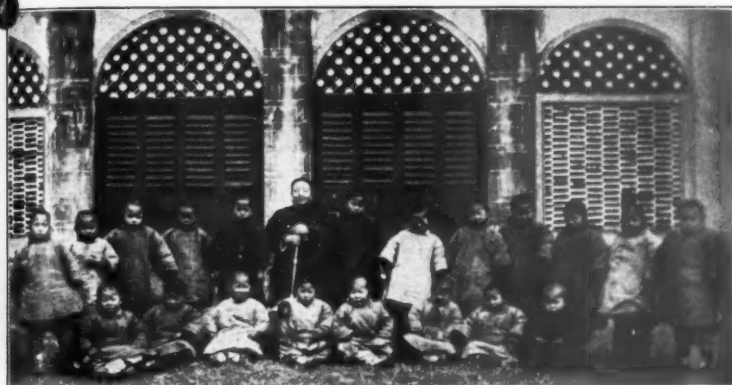
Our next destination was Huang Chi Ko. We now moved cautiously, for the handits were strong in this neighborhood. As one of the dangerous rapids had to be passed at this place, we had reason to suspect they would be waiting for us. Owing to the low water, it was difficult to make the rapids, but fortunately our boat

dangerous rapids we had still to pass. After assuring him there was no danger, the other man said: "All right; you go first, and I'll follow." "Oh, no," said our captain, "I have told you now how to go, so you will go first." Of course he would not say why he did not care to go first. At another place we hired an extra man to help pull the boat. He and the owner slept near us. One evening we heard the old sailor describe to the new comer his experience with bandits. They robbed him of money, tobacco, clothes, rice, bedding, and killed the man who was with him. Then he added: "Holding up is all right and so is robbing, but to kill anybody was not right."

Another incident happened that same evening that is worth recording. It was a night full of fears, and everybody seemed to get excited at the least sound. After the boats had quieted down, we heard loud shouting on the other side of the river. They were calling our soldiers. We thought at first one of them had been left over there in the scramble to get to the other side of the river. We found out that one of the men had borrowed a tub to wash some clothes, and in the hurried departure had forgotten to return it. The owner clamored for his property, and a small boat had to be called to take it back. Then at last we settled down for sleep or bandits whichever the night would bring.

Despite our fears, it was a quiet night and very early the next day we continued the trip reaching Lung Ton Gan about eleven o'clock. We sent messengers into the town to find out if our soldiers had arrived from Yuanchow, but no trace of them could be found. We waited the entire day, hoping the soldiers would arrive. The other boats were as anxious for the escort as we were, but no news whatever came from them. The same man who took Father Timothy down when he was captured arrived in the city almost at the same time as we did. He reported that the soldiers fought the bandits for three days and killed twenty-five of them. Soldiers in Sin Lou How told him they were coming down to escort the Sen Fu to Yuanchow. They were due yesterday, but failed to appear.

As a last resort Father Timothy



SOME ORPHAN BABIES AT SHENCHOWFU

through the bandit territory. They could wait for us at Lung Ton Gan. I sent a letter we had from General Tsai Si Lin to the mandarin of Chenki ordering him to give us twenty soldiers if there was any danger. As the mandarin spent most of the time sleeping, we got no reply and no soldiers. However, we did our part and if anything should happen, it would be the mandarin's fault.

As some of the merchant boats were too heavily laden, it was decided to distribute the goods more evenly and this kept us in Chenki another day. In the rain, some of the cloth got very wet. The men spread roll after roll on the river banks to dry. It was a great sight to see the long strips of different colors reflecting the rays of the sun. Early the following morning we resumed the journey and arrived at Kiangko without mishap. Here we mailed some letters to Shenchowfu

succeeded. The men wanted to push on to Lung Ton Gan, but desiring the protection of the other boats we decided to wait for them and put in at a place called Si Ren Wan. It began to rain, and all the boats stopped here for the night. Just about dusk they suddenly made a mad rush for the other side of the river. They saw the military police over there, and were sore afraid of an attack by the robbers. It happened so suddenly that we were reminded of a flock of wild birds violently aroused from their slumber to go fluttering and scurrying for another place of shelter. In the confusion that followed, there were several fights and arguments as the boatmen sought the safest places.

It was amusing to hear the soldiers speaking of what they would do if the bandits made a night raid on the boats. The owner of our craft began to describe to another boatman the

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went to the commander of the military police, but was told he was not in. He was walking away when a man called him back and ushered him into the presence of a young officer, who desired to know what he wanted. After some conversation and argument, he promised to send an escort as far as Tungwan. He would not let them go further, as that would take them out of his territory and he would incur the enmity of the bandits against his district. As Father Timothy was returning to the boat, he met a merchant who had failed to get any satisfaction from the commander of the military police and had sent a messenger to Supu asking for a hundred Kweichow soldiers. The material on the merchant boats was valued at fifty thousand dollars and they would take no chances. So we had to wait for a military escort of sufficient strength to assure safety in passing the stronghold of the bandits. This meant a delay of several days at Lung Ton Gan. There is no telegraph service here, not even a post office, so we were truly stalled. The leader of the Hunan soldiers was anxious enough to go ahead and defend the fleet with the few soldiers at his command, but the merchants knew the commander had more courage than his men. Father Timothy also learned from them that the Kweichow soldiers that had been sent to accompany him did arrive a few days before and not finding him decided to accompany another fleet up the river. This news settled our expectation of any escort from Yuanchow.

While we were waiting for more soldiers, a visitor called to see us

whose name was Yang. He was formerly a resident of Kienyang, and knew Father Timothy. He was now living at Gan Kiang and came to this place to visit his sister and brother-in-law. The latter is very wealthy and one of the important men of the place. He insisted that we visit him, and we gladly did so. His estate is certainly beautiful. It consists of a number of large buildings, surrounded by spacious



THE BISHOP AND FR. DOMINIC

gardens and fields and a high wall with heavy gates and guard houses.

On our arrival, his father, a venerable old man, came out to greet us. He was engaged at the time in teaching his grandchildren, but gave us a whole-hearted welcome. Tea and oranges were served and everything was done to make our visit most pleasant. One of the men in all simplicity offered us an opium pipe, but we declined and Father Timothy ex-

plained why it was a vice and the Catholic doctrine about it. The old man was deeply interested. He proved himself very well read, and asked many questions about the Church, especially where it differed from Mohammed and Luther. He surprised us by his general knowledge of things and his great desire to learn more. Father Timothy pleased him and promised to send him literature about the Catholic Church. We then enjoyed more Chinese delicacies with watermelon seeds and tea. On praising the tea, our hosts insisted that we take a pound of it along and we gladly did so. After escorting us over the property, we bade them farewell and returned to our boat. The son-in-law accompanied us.

During the remainder of our stay at Lung Ton Gan, the rumors increased of the numbers and fierceness of the bandits up the river. We saw boats passing by that had been completely stripped by the robbers. News came of the capture of a Protestant missionary and that he was being held for a ransom of eighty thousand dollars. The soldiers went out against the bandits and sent word to the chiefs to withdraw their hordes to the south beyond the Hunan province. The reply came they would do so, after they had captured the two foreigners and the merchant boats coming up the river.

Our affairs were now getting tensely interesting. Forty Kweichow soldiers arrived safely with a fleet from up river, and this fact somewhat relieved the situation. We sent cards to the commander, but as he was in a public place gambling at the time, he

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made of donations received up to February 10, for the Chinese Missions and for undertakings.

the relief of the famine sufferers. May God bless and prosper the Givers in all their undertakings.

CIRCLES: Sacred Heart, \$20.00; St. Kevin, \$23.00; St. Brigid, \$5.00; St. Margaret Mary, \$15.00; Holy Souls, \$6.10; St. Mary, \$6.15; St. Louise, \$6.17; Little Flower, \$5.00; No. 3, \$10.00. KENTUCKY: Louisville, M. W., \$3.00. MARYLAND: Baltimore, M. S. J., \$29.59. MASSACHUSETTS: Boston, M. A. K., \$20.00; B. C. U., \$6.00; Brookline, J. A. M., \$5.00; Cambridge, G. B., \$1.00; Charlestown, S. M. S., \$20.00; Framingham, T. C. G., \$100.47; Lawrence, M. N., \$5.00; Wollaston, J. J. M., \$10.10; Worcester, Anon., \$3.00; Roxbury, M. S., \$10.50. MICHIGAN: Marquette, R. G., \$3.00. MISSOURI: St. Louis, K. C. H., \$2.00. NEW HAMPSHIRE: Manchester, S. M. R., \$1.25. NEW JERSEY: Audubon, A. M. G., \$2.00; Belleville, A. M. F., \$5.00; Caldwell, M. J. M., \$5.00; Elizabeth, F. G., \$5.00; Harrison, A. C., \$10.00; H. C. S., \$10.00; H. F., \$2.70; Jersey City, M. C., \$15.00; M. D., \$4.70; J. G., \$2.00; B. R., \$5.00; J. N., \$1.00; H. G., \$5.00; H. L., \$4.70; M. F., \$2.75; P. W. S., \$4.00; M. M., \$2.10; M. L. M., \$2.90; B. M. N., \$1.30; H. M., \$0.80; H. C., \$0.80; Hudson Heights, J. W., \$1.00; Hoboken, M. M., \$1.00; M. H., \$4.00; M. M., \$5.00; Newark, M. C. P., \$1.00; B. M. S., \$100.00; M. B., \$10.00; New Durham, M. C., \$4.90; North Bergen, B. W., \$12.50; J. C., \$1.30; Princeton, H. D., \$5.00; Union Hill, A. R., \$5.00; T. D., \$0.60; West Hoboken, J. H., \$10.00; W. H., \$5.00; J. O. C., \$4.70; C. S., \$7.71; A. J. S., \$7.50; R. L., \$4.90; Anon., \$1.00; Anon., \$3.00; A. P., \$1.20; West New York, M. B., \$20.00. NEW YORK: Brooklyn, M. A. G., \$2.50; M. B., \$5.00; J. J. H., \$6.00; C. M. D., \$2.00; Buffalo, M. S. J., \$7.60; Dunkirk, H. W., \$2.00; D. S., \$2.00; A. L. H., \$2.00; K. I. K., \$2.00; M. K., \$2.00; S. A., \$1.00; D. R., \$1.00; F. E., \$3.00; Glen Cove, S. N. D., \$25.00; S. M. M., \$20.00; Jamaica, J. K., \$1.00; Larchmont Gardens, T. S., \$1.00; New York City, C. L., \$5.00; W. I. L., \$2.00; C. F. S., \$2.00; M. S., \$1.00; C. V., \$1.00; C. V., \$10.00; M. B., \$1.00; E. S., \$30.00; R. C., \$5.00; A. G., \$25.00; J. G., \$5.00; B. C., \$5.00; E. O. B., \$5.00; E. A. M., \$5.00; T. G., \$5.00; J. J. B., \$15.00; Ogdensburg, E. M., \$1.00; Portchester, N. M. L., \$1.00; Riverdale, V. C., \$5.00; Schenectady, E. B., \$2.50; M. S., \$1.00; C. C., \$1.00; M. W., \$1.00; M. V., \$1.00; Astoria, M. M., \$4.50. PENNSYLVANIA: Dumore, E. B., \$2.00; Greenridge, C. B., \$13.00; New Castle, S. V. S., \$10.00; Philadelphia, S. M. J., \$1.00; J. C., \$1.00; W. E. M., \$1.00; S. M. J., \$10.00; Pittsburgh, S. A. S., \$18.00; S. R., \$9.00; Anon., \$5.00; M. D. M., \$5.00; S. M. A., \$2.50; Pittston, M. O. B., \$1.00; Scranton, M. C., \$10.00; H. C., \$25.00; Anon., \$5.00; Anon., \$1.00; Friends, \$10.00; M. C., \$1.00; M. B., \$5.00; Swissvale, M. A. H., \$1.00; Wilkes Barre, T. F. M., \$5.00. RHODE ISLAND: Providence, C. W., \$5.00. WISCONSIN: Prairie du Chien, S. M. C., \$3.00.

THE † SIGN

pleaded no time to visit us. He evidently thought we wanted his soldiers to move with us at once. Later on, we received news that a troop of Kweichow soldiers were at Gan Kiang on the way down to get us. At three in the afternoon eighty Kweichow soldiers came in answer to the request of the merchants. Chinese etiquette required that we send cards to the commanders of these soldiers, and they graciously returned the compliment assuring us of their services.

The sound of bugles early the next morning gave notice to all the boatmen to begin the trip up the river. Father Timothy was anxious to secure a good position and directed our boat so that it was second in the line. The boat ahead of us was filled with Kweichow soldiers as well as the one back of us. Hunan soldiers occupied our own boat.

When we came to the place well known for many robberies, the Hunan soldiers marched up the opposite side of the river, and some Kweichow men took the side where the bandits were known to be. A few Kweichow soldiers climbed to the top of a hill and standing there in full view of all the boats and doubtless the bandits, watched until the boats had all passed safely. Most of the Kweichow soldiers are youths about fifteen or twenty years of age. They are noted for their bravery and daring, and the bandits are as much afraid of them as the Hunan soldiers are. Kweichow is the next province to Hunan, and it is comparatively easy for the soldiers to go back and forth to their own province.

At eleven o'clock we reached Mai Wan where Father Timothy had been taken and despoiled of everything. At the time we did not have any soldiers on our boat. They were still guarding the boats from the shore. The Kweichow troops, however, filled the boat just ahead of us, and we felt some security. We did not fly any flag, either American or Chinese or Church. We soon came in sight of the bandits, who were drawn up in numbers with their rifles all ready for use. They demanded from the soldiers to know who they were and where they came from. The reply came rapidly. They told them they were Kweichow soldiers from a certain place

and gave the name of their commander and the number of their division. The bandits asked where the boats were that Hunan soldiers were guarding. The soldiers answered that the Hunan troops had not yet started. Then came the demand for bugle sounds. In the boat in back of us, the bugler gave the Kweichow signals, and then we were allowed to pass without further trouble.

During the talk with the bandits, we were lying down in our boat seeing and not being seen. It was amusing to watch the Kweichow troops picking out the men they intended to shoot. They seemed disappointed when they found out there would be no shooting. Some wanted to take a shot for luck, but they were restrained by an older man. We then had our lunch, lest we should be deprived of it further on. Soon after passing Tung Wan, we heard two shots fired, and immediately got on the bottom of the boat for safety. Our soldiers prepared for action and waited for orders. Several Kweichow soldiers on shore went to investigate. It was indeed the bandits who fired the first shot, but such was the alertness of a Kweichow man that the second shot was fired by him. As soon as he saw the flash, he fired right into it. It sounded as if both shots came from the same gun. We reached Sin Lon Hun safely and put in there for the night. Our worst day was over.

The next day after an early start we made good time. We passed Hsia Chi Ton and Sang Chi Tang, where the bandits formerly were, and kept on going hoping to reach Gan Kiang before nightfall. When we were going through rapids at Mon Teo Ho, a shot was fired at our boat. We paid no attention to it, and the second shot came nearer to us. It was Kweichow soldiers who were firing to prevent us from going ahead. We pulled up on the other side of the river and they informed us their orders were to allow no boats to pass that point. We told them we did not belong to the fleet and were anxious to reach Gan Kiang. They replied they could not help it, that orders were orders and we would be fired on if we made any attempt to proceed.

This incident brings out the courage

of the men from Kweichow. There were only two of them; one did the talking and carried the bullets, and the other held the gun and did the shooting. We had nine soldiers and as many guns, yet the two were ready to fight the whole boat to carry out orders. A boat carrying mail came along and tried to pass. The two gave their orders to pull in. The mail men argued and refused to stop. As they began to move away, a bullet went whizzing past the mail man's head. The mail boat stopped and remained with the rest of us. A heavy rain now came on, and darkness set in, so we settled ourselves for the night.

About three o'clock the next morning, the boat near ours wanted to get out into deeper water. They made an awful fuss, and we did not know what it was all about. Every minute we expected a fusillade of bullets from the bandits, but fortunately nothing happened. At six o'clock the bugles sounded, but no boat was allowed to move until the Kweichow soldiers had received their money for guarding them. We started again at seven and reached Gan Kiang about eleven o'clock. The delay was providential, for we learned that bandits were very numerous and active between here and Hun Kiang. We decided to wait for the protection of the other boats. At this time one of the Kweichow soldiers came to visit us. He was a Christian. His parents were baptized as children and ever remained true to the Church. He is only twenty years old and has served three years in the army. He told us many stories of fighting he had seen in Kwangtung, Kwangsi, Hunan, and Kweichow. He promised Father Timothy he would go to Kienyang and receive the Sacraments.

On the following day we continued our journey. We had great difficulty in passing one of the rapids. The darkness came down before we were half way through it. We sent the boy and cook ahead to buy food. We were urging the boatmen to pull ahead and try to make the town, when suddenly they lost control and we were driven on the rocks. The boat pullers had to swim out from the shore, and after working for some

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time finally succeeded in getting it off the rocks. We had gone scarcely ten yards when again we went on the rocks good and proper. This time it took us an hour to get off, and then we had to remain here for the night. The boy and cook were waiting for us at Hun Kiang, and Father Timothy persuaded two of the soldiers to go up and get them. As we were in a bad district, the soldiers patrolled the shores all night long. The boy and the cook, however, returned safely.

Hun Kiang was not very far away and we reached the place at eight o'clock the next day. We bought rice for the boatmen. A Christian woman, whom Father Timothy had baptized, came down to the boat to see him. She and her daughter often go to Kienyang to attend Mass and receive the Sacraments. After waiting about a half hour, we left Hun Kiang for the last part of our trip. We added another boatman to the crew, as we were most anxious to make Kienyang that same day. We heard many things about bandits here, but they were nothing like the stories repeated down the river. In this section the bandits go in groups of fifteen or twenty and are armed with knives or hatchets; in the danger zone they have rifles and large guns and form companies of a hundred and more.

As we approached another of the dangerous rapids, Father Timothy suggested that we get off the boat and walk. We took six of the soldiers with us. This made the boat lighter and easier to pull up stream. After a detour around a hill, we saw the boat was having a hard time to pass the rapids. Whilst looking at it, the ropes broke and away it went dashing from side to side and carried down with the swift current. Finally it was pushed into shore and remained there. Disgusted, Father Timothy sent two of the soldiers back to watch it and we continued the walk to Kienyang. Five minutes later a boy shouted to us from the other side that our boat was smashed and covered with water. Worried about my trunk and other bags in the boat, we turned back and got a small boat to take us over to the wreck. The damage was not as bad as we thought, but we could not repair the boat and reach Kienyang

that day. Leaving the soldiers to guard it and bring it to Kienyang as soon as they could, we again started with four soldiers to walk the remaining fifteen miles to our final destination.

It was noon when we started. Father Timothy said we could easily make it if we walked fast. For the past three weeks we had not been on our feet for a full half hour, and now walking was a new sensation. Father Timothy set the pace. We had not gone three miles when the soldiers begged him to slow up, for they were all in. We kept going for the next five miles, for we were in the district supposed to be filled with petty bandits. The soldiers were prepared for any trouble, and put an unarmed man between them. We had just passed through a village where many bandits were said to be living and turned around a hill to face twenty soldiers standing at attention with guns ready for action.

Father Timothy asked them what they wanted. "You," they shouted. Talk about creeps; I never felt such a sensation before. Father Timothy said to them: "What do you want me for?" They answered: "To conduct you to Kienyang." "Who sent you?" inquired Father. "The Mandarin of Yuanchow," they said. Then Father Timothy started to laugh and I knew we were safe. It was a big relief.

We did not go much further when we found the author of all the mischief, Father Kevin, who had come out with the soldiers to meet us. He brought a mule along with him, and we took turns riding part of the way into town. We arrived safely before evening. After the usual noise of fire crackers and the greetings of the Christians, we settled down for a real good rest.

After a few days at Kienyang, Father Timothy received his new appointment as Missionary of Yuanchow and Father Kevin was chosen as his successor in Kienyang.

Father Timothy writes from Yuanchow since the above letter: "Word reached me a few minutes ago that one of our Catechists returning from Shenchowfu with our new church bell, some boxes of medical supplies and religious articles, was held up three days

ago. We must await further details before making any complaint. Thus again this Mission suffers at the hands of bandits, and we find ourselves without the bell for which we have waited two long years and Father Quentin loses the articles and supplies that came all the way from America for him. God knows what is best. His Will be done."

Soldier or Bandit

OUR Lady of Mercy Mission at Yungshunfu continues to show wonderful progress under the able leadership of Father Agatho and Father Constantine. These two missionaries are bravely keeping up their daily routine of religious services, of



FR. AGATHO

baptism, instructions, receiving the orphans and the poor, relieving the afflicted and the sick, superintending the schools, and making regular visits to the distant stations of their mission. Though deprived of many things necessary for their apostolic work, and at times meeting with disappointment and ingratitude from people they desire to help, still they look ahead and labor on assiduously as if Yungshunfu was already a big Catholic city. They certainly have admirable courage and zeal, and divine blessings must descend upon the place in return for their sacrifices and generosity.

From Father Agatho's letter, we learn of some hardships that must be borne by almost every missionary in China, and at the same time one can see his own earnest desire to build up a splendid mission and make it a strong center of Catholic faith and virtue. He writes:

Life in this part of Hunan is pretty hard at the present time. To use American slang: "It's great, if you don't weaken." We feel as if we are far away from civilization, at least we are mighty distant from the civilization we knew. If there were more foreigners in the city, it would not be

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so bad, but we seem to be one of the great curiosities of the place, and everything must be as strange to the people as they are to us. Sometimes we are tempted to think our time is wasted, our work amounts to nothing, or that very little can be accomplished among these pagans. But notwithstanding many knocks and setbacks, there is a divine attraction about this missionary work that appeals strongly to mind and heart, and I believe as long as health and strength holds out none of the missionaries will turn their backs on the plough. There is the thought of Our Lord's Passion. His troubles and sufferings far surpassed anything we have to endure. Again and again brighter hopes console us that even a little success for Jesus Crucified is great, really great, in His eyes. We are determined to stick to the job, and leave the results in God's hands.

One of the difficulties here in Yungshunfu is transportation. In looking over the map where other missionaries are, I think they have better means of going from place to place, or receiving goods, than we have here among the mountains at Yungshunfu. We are a long, long way from Hankow. When we do send to the procurator for something needed, it takes weeks to get here. Now, just imagine, in this big city we have no telegraph service, an advantage well known in the other places of the district. Yet the Chinese regard this burgh as one of the biggest places in Hunan. There are no wagons here, for the streets are too narrow. We probably won't have any for some years to come, unless the whole city is built over again. Everything is carried on the shoulders of men. Mules are seldom used. Man labor is cheaper. These slow Chinamen have not the least desire to change. Their fathers and their forefathers got along with such ways, and they reason that they must do the same.

Another difficulty with mission work here may be found in the people themselves. The Apostle St. Paul might term some of them as false brethren. They are willing to accept the Catholic faith and ask for baptism, but only as long as you give them a job and a salary. As soon as their ser-

vices are dispensed with and they have to go elsewhere for a living, they cease to have any desire for Christianity. Don't ask them to come to Mass every Sunday and allow them to smoke opium, and all is well. Very few of the grown people remain steadfast in attending the instructions, in giving up pagan practices, and in following such Christian duties that will dispose them for the gift of faith. It is a big discouragement at times to labor for such people.

The future of the Church here in China rests with the children. For those who have been reared in the faith are really good people. A difficulty the missionary experiences with them is their fear of the foreigner. It seems to be common among the Chinese. We are in a district where many have never seen a priest. For a time the poor people would run and hide whenever they saw me coming along. Fortunately this fear is dying away. The foreigner, after all, is not a dreadful man and does very much to help them. I think, however, it will take years before we have a real standing among the people, and anything like a large congregation of Christians. All we can do now is to break the soil and sow the seed.

When the Chinese language is more our own and we are better acquainted with the customs of the people, when our churches and schools are built and we shall not have to beg for necessary equipment, our progress will be more certain and we will see a great Church here in Hunan. Speaking of equipment, we will be glad to get anything you can send us. Every time I visit one of the missions, everything must be carried along: food, bed clothes, vestments, altar furnishings, and sometimes even matches. In some places it is not safe to leave things, and we can not spare them from the home mission. When Father Raphael went to Paotung, he had to melt some wax and stick the candles on a board to be able to say Mass. Brother Lambert lives in a small, damp, cold Chinese house at Sin Si Pin, where he is building a chapel. He is alone all week, and has practically nothing in the way of comfort. He has been working there for the past few months, and the chapel will be a fine building

when completed. If possible, send us the necessary furnishings for it. We need an altar crucifix, and candlesticks, the altar cards, missal and book stand, the stations of the cross, holy water fonts, as well as vestments and things needed for services.

Last Christmas I was visiting the different missions and left Father Constantine to take charge of the services at Yungshunfu. He trained a number of the boys to sing for High Mass and they did very well. There were eighteen catechumens ready for the Sacrament of Baptism. They came the day before to have a final examination in doctrine, and make their public renunciation of idolatry. This last ceremony always takes place in the church before all the Christians on the day before Baptism. Immediately after Mass, the priest turns towards the people and the catechumens come forward two by two and recite aloud the profession of faith, renounce the worship of idols, and kneel down low on both knees to adore the One True God of heaven and earth.

The Church outside and within was tastefully decorated for the celebration of Our Lord's Birth. First there were two low Masses, at which the Christians received Holy Communion; then came the Baptism of the catechumens; lastly, the High Mass, at which the new Christians were permitted to receive their first Holy Communion. It was truly a day of joy and consolation. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament took place in the afternoon; and young and old declared it was a very happy day for them.

Along with this letter of Father Agatho, we might add the following incident recorded by Father Constantine. It illustrates some remarks in the former's letter and gives us another view of present conditions in China.

Every traveler on the roads of China today as soon as he sees a man in uniform or carrying a rifle approaching him immediately wonders if the stranger is a soldier or a bandit. If all of China's soldiers and officers were dependable and honest men, the terrible menace of bandits would soon be removed, but too frequently it happens to be the soldier turned bandit who robs and murders those whom he should protect. Within the last few

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days a sad example of this has taken place near our mission.

For some time there had been a Chinese laborer about the Mission, who would do odd jobs around the property, carry things to different missions, and often help with the baggage when the priests traveled from place to place. Sometimes he would go to hear the sermons or instructions, and thus came to know much of Catholic doctrines. Then he disappeared and the next heard of him was that he had joined the army.

A few days ago the story was brought to us that a man and a boy had been robbed on one of the narrow paths leading into the city. The man was killed, but the boy escaped. One of the four soldiers caught and imprisoned for the deed was the same man who had formerly done work around the Mission. He was condemned to death, and was only awaiting word from the General at Paoting to be beheaded.

When Father Agatho heard of the man's plight, he decided to visit him. This surprised the Chinese, for they regard a condemned man as disgraced, an outcast, and no thought ever enters their pagan minds to assist him in body or soul. We found the prison nothing more than a large, rude Chinese house. Wooden bars served as a door. Here were all the prisoners gathered together in one big room, some with shackles on hands and feet, and others allowed to roam about at will. They sleep wherever they find a place to lie down. If they get any bedding or food at all, it must be brought to them by outsiders, for the prison furnishes nothing. It was here, with his face pressed against the bars of the door and a crowd listening to every word, we found the man whom we had come to see.

Finding him sufficiently instructed in Catholic doctrine and desirous of baptism, Father Agatho fearing lest another opportunity might not be had, then and there reached through the bars and poured the saving waters of Christ's Passion upon his head and prepared another soul to meet his God.

Our fears were well founded, for word came suddenly from the General with orders to execute the men at once. We had just started dinner, when one of the men told us they

were being led out of the city. We quickly took hat and coat and hurried after them. The road led through crowded streets out beyond the walls. As we approached the gate of the city, we could see the crowds on the walls and on the surrounding hills. When within a few yards of the crowd, the cheering and clapping of hands and the blowing of bugles informed us we were too late. The execution was over.

Pushing my way through the returning soldiers and the crowd following them, I made my way to what remained of those unfortunate men. I quickly raised my hand over the bleeding body and gave him conditional absolution, hoping and praying that God would pardon him and have mercy on his soul. His body lay forward on the ground, his hands tied behind his back. The head severed entirely from the shoulders lay at one side where it had rolled. A few feet away the bodies of the others lay in like conditions. And thus ended another of China's many tragedies.

Fortunately Yungshunfu has not been troubled by the war or by the bandits. An execution is a rare occurrence around here. It is only when we start out on a visit to some distant station that we have any fear of the bandits. Let us hope the Lord will protect us and help us to build up these missions.

Gemma's League

The prayers and good works offered for the Chinese Missions would indeed be more numerous if it were easy to keep a list of them and send it regularly to be forwarded to the missionaries. It does mean extra trouble, for comparatively few lists are returned and some of them are not as generous as they could be. Evidently few are mindful of the immense help such lists are to the missionaries in China and the inspiration they give to people at home.

Some, perhaps, do not wish their good works to shine before men; they would rather let an angel in heaven take care of them until the great day of reckoning and reward. Others again would gladly offer a prayer or a sacrifice for the missions in China,

but can not find the time to record it. If some one else did the writing, they would willingly contribute their share, and not having such assistance they do not bother about it.

The thought of the missionaries in China should remove all trouble and difficulty in keeping some list of prayers and good works for them every month. They put aside personal comfort and conveniences and undertake many things naturally repugnant in order to convert the pagans to the love and service of Christ Crucified. We can do likewise, and with self-sacrificing zeal, help them in their quest for souls by our prayers and deeds.

We can circulate the league lists among relatives and friends. We pass a list around every week and the request to record what prayers have been said or will be offered. During the month of May, many will attend Holy Mass or receive Holy Communion frequently in honor of the Mother of God; they will try to merit her special favors by the imitation of her virtues; they will pass hours of suffering, or spend many hours at work or in study; they will perform many acts of kindness and different good works. Let them all be counted and recorded for the Chinese Missions. Give them all to the Mother of God for the conversion of the pagans in China. This will not interfere with other intentions, but such zeal and charity will rather make more worthy of the blessings desired. The following list was forwarded to the Missionaries at the end of March:

Masses said, 20; Masses heard, 14,678; Holy Communions, 8,581; Visits to Blessed Sacrament, 26,483; Spiritual Communions, 71,415; Benediction Services, 3,280; Sacrifices, 189,205; Sufferings, 134,986; Stations of the Cross, 4,417; Visits to the Crucifix, 14,212; Rosaries, 12,013; Seven Dolor Beads, 1,559; Ejaculatory Prayers, 2,084,046; Hours of Study, 7,340; Hours of Labor, 11,541; Acts of Kindness, 7,145; Acts of Zeal, 54,299; Deeds of Charity, 12,677; Offerings of PP. Blood, 53,226; Prayers, 256,717; Various Works, 516,062.

**PLEASE READ THE LETTER
ON CHINESE BABIES**



INDEX TO WORTHWHILE READING

FUNDAMENTALS OF PEDAGOGY. A textbook for Catholic teachers. By Rev. James Higgins. The Macmillan Company. New York.

Books without number have been published on the art and science of teaching. This is not to say, precisely, that the public has been surfeited, or that the labor involved in bringing out this surplusage of pedagogical lore has been futile. Far from it. Teaching is a profession, not to say a vocation, which keeps pace with the stride of the times and needs adaptation to the aims and ideals of each successive generation. Hence a perfectly rounded, stable system of instructing the human mind is not, for men, a realizable thing. This is not to affirm the absence of principles, both certain and discoverable, which underlie the art and science of pedagogy, and are immutable. A sympathetic understanding of these basic rules is indispensable to such as are ambitious of success in teaching, a discreet and persistent application of them is the much-looked-for key to proficiency in this oftentimes tedious and discouraging field.

Father Higgins' volume, "Fundamentals of Pedagogy," concerns itself, for the most part, with what the author judges to constitute the groundwork of the science of teaching. As an experienced educator, and Catholic priest, Father Higgins does not fail to give due emphasis to the rightful claim of religion to the foremost place among the fundamentals of true education. This feature of the present work makes the book of especial value to Catholic teachers, since the general run of works on pedagogy designedly omit any reference to religion in education. In view of the agitated awakening in many centers to the tragic outcome in the United States of godless public schools and the movement being set on foot by prominent educators of all religious persuasions toward the re-introduction in the curriculum of elementary schools of instruction which will be Christian in the true sense of the term, a book setting forth the traditional attitude of the Catholic Church toward this question is most happily timed.

Teachers will find within these pages the rules and practical suggestions which make for success in their profession. We gladly recommend the use of this textbook for we are confident that its principles will prove a blessing to both pupil and teacher. An extensive bibliography and a neatly arranged index add materially to the usefulness of the volume.

R. O. C.

OUR NUNS. Their varied and vital service for God and country. By Daniel A. Lord, S. J. Benziger Bros., New York. \$1.75 net.

This fascinating volume begins with a typical scene in a courtroom. "They faced each other before the judge's bench, hatred in their sullen eyes. The man was the first

to speak and he poured out a tale that cut with whips of rawhide the woman who stood silently and with twitching lips. Then she took up the tale, and all the shrewish venom of a city-wise girl leaped from her perfectly carmined lips . . . The judge interrupted wearily. 'That's enough! You say you have one baby?' The woman nodded a flamboyant hat. Who is taking care of him?' The man and woman glanced at each other. Then spoke the man. 'He's with the Sisters.'"

Then, in the company of an author with a faculty of keen observation and the gift of pictorial writing—ideal qualities in a guide—we pass from this sordid scene to begin a series of pilgrimages through fifteen typical Catholic institutions—through "A Land of Smiles and Tears," "The House of Silence," "The Cloister for Clothes," "The Nursery of Souls," stopping now for "A Study in Color," then watching "The Flowering of Maidenhood," "The Return of Eve to Eden," "The Laying on of Hands," until, finally, we reach "The Garden of God." At each step on the way, the argument drawn from the lives of these Sisters grows clearer in our minds as it did in the author's. How well he has worded it:

Here is, in fact, a phenomenon unique in the world's history. Hundreds of thousands of Catholic women, clever, gifted, well-bred, personally attractive, have given up all that the world craves and seeks and stains its hands with blood and its soul with crime to obtain, that they may serve in poverty, chastity, and obedience the suffering ones of Christ. Here in the twentieth century is a living expression of the Eight Beatitudes, the concrete symbol of the Works of Mercy."

"You may go back through all history, you find nothing like this. Rome was proud because out of its uncounted millions it could produce seven Vestals. Yet the Catholic Church of America alone has its hundred thousand and more Vestals who live, not as the Roman Vestals lived, in wealth and power with an open door of freedom when they wish to use it, but elbow to elbow with poverty and every form of human suffering, in complete renunciation of the joys of home and family life, with their wills voluntarily bound in holy obedience . . ."

Every chapter contains instances of their heroic service: "One story of a Little Sister has almost passed into legend. A bestial, miserly merchant answered her plea for alms by spitting upon her. The nun smiled gently, held out her hand and said, 'That was for me. Now what have you for Christ's poor?' In the Carmelite Convent "a bed that would have excited the profanity of a hardened soldier was enough for the brief rest of these cultured women," whose service to humanity is seen in the figure of a nun kneeling on the bare stone floor, her arms held in imitation of Christ upon the Cross, praying "because the

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world does not pray, because it does not thank Him and praise Him and seek blessings at His hand."

In the chapter on the Refuge, Fr. Lord has written a paragraph that can well serve as a final answer to "the world's constant misunderstanding" of the work of the Good Shepherd Nuns. "For those who stand near the Cross there has never been anything but sneers and abuse. The hatred and revilement that is heaped upon the Good Shepherd Nuns is but an overflow of that hatred and revilement that beat in furious waves about the Crucified Christ. The low-minded mob that jeered at Christ will always jeer at the Good Shepherd. It has sneered at His very mercy. "He is a friend of publicans and sinners," it smirked, and looked at Him in scorn and leering mirth when He forgave the Magdalen and raised the adulteress from the dust. The work of the Good Shepherd is too, like the work of Christ ever to be understood by the fleshly world." "The Menace" and similar papers please copy!

But in the pages of this book, the author does not picture the nuns always in a heroic pose. Incidents abound which show that they have more than the poet's "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." In the *Insane Asylum*: "From behind a door a coy figure of a bewhiskered man beckoned the Sister with a flirtatious forefinger. "That's my tobacco hound," she said. "I just gave him a cigar, but he has probably buried it under his mattress." Then from the depths of a capacious pocket she brought forth a tin of tobacco and poured some of it into his hand, whereat he waddled away with a delighted grin." In the *Academy Basketball game* "a nun with all the quickness and dispatch of a varsity referee, blew the whistle, threw up the ball for the tip-all, called fouls, awarded free throws and kept the teams going at full speed all the while." "The author wisely informs us, "That nun had not learned the game in any correspondence course." In the smoking room of the *Old Peoples' Home*: "A Puritan would have thrown up his hands in horror. Added to the crime of smoking, was the horrible vice of card-playing and the ghostly sin of checkers. One was even viciously engaged in a game of solitaire; and when he failed to make his game, he was the occasion of much boisterous chaffing from his fellows, which incited him to continue his evil courses in a determination to show them he could beat it. And, if you believe me, the Sister at my side smiled at all this with a pleased and approving smile." These and many more make delightful reading in these days of "morality by legislation." Logically, we conclude that, next to their divine fruitfulness of sacrifice, the success of their work is due in large measure to their sane Catholic attitude towards the simple pleasures of life.

Fr. Lord has written a book that will charm and amuse, that will dispel bigotry, that will make Catholics glow with pride in the achievements of "Our Nuns," that will lead many a Catholic girl "to forget her people and her father's house," to carry on in purity, poverty, and self-sacrifice the work of Our Nuns.

F. S.

SCIENCE IN THE FRANCISCAN ORDER. A Historical Sketch. By John M. Lenhart, O. M. Cap. Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., New York. 25c.

A series of monographs, under the general title of "Franciscan Studies," is in course of publication by the Franciscans of the United States. The first number is a comprehensive and erudite summary of Franciscan achievements in science during the past seven hundred years. This chain of noble accomplishments in the field of exact knowledge, linking together so many outstanding names in the history of mathematics, astronomy, physics and chemistry, constitutes a proud record; a smashing rejoinder to the malignant slander that the Church blocked the progress of science.

They who think that Franciscan intellectual development has been delimited to a devout understanding of the "Canticle of the Sun" will be, according to their individual animus, pleasantly or unpleasantly surprised by a reading of this pamphlet. The Franciscans are to be congratulated on beginning this series of studies, which, judging by the initial issue, will meet with that warm approval and generous support of all who are interested in Catholic education and culture. An editorial announcement informs us that copies of the Reports of the Franciscan Education Conference may be had from the Secretary, Herman, Pa. F. S.

MARY ROSE AT BOARDING SCHOOL—By Mary Mable Wirries. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.00.

THE HIGH ROMANCE. By Michael Williams. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.25.

HINTS TO PREACHERS. By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hugh T. Henry, Litt. D., LL. D. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.90.

HER LITTLE WAY. Blessed Therese of the Child Jesus. "The Little Sister of Missionaries. By Rev. John P. Clarke. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.00.

FRIDAYS WITH JESUS CRUCIFIED. Compiled by Rev. C. McNeiry, C. SS. R. Benziger Bros., New York. 60c.

LETTERS ON MARRIAGE. With an Introduction by Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

VENIAL SIN. An Appeal to all Sorts and Conditions of Men. By the Rt. Rev. J. S. Vaughan. With Preface by H. E. Cardinal Casquet. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.35.

THE ETERNAL INHERITANCE. An Explanation of Man's Supernatural Destiny and the Means to Attain it. By F. J. Remler, C. M. The Vincentian Press, 1605 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE SUMMA CONTRA GENTILES OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. Volume One and Two. Literally Translated by The English Dominican Fathers from the latest Leonine Edition. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$3.25 each.

THE CANDLESTICK MAKERS—By Lucile Borden. The Macmillan Company. New York. \$2.25.

LORD BOUNTIFUL. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Brothers. New York. \$1.00.

FATHER BILLY. By Rev. John E. Graham. H. L. Kilner & Co. Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.50.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR



THIS picture represents Christ knocking at a door. It is symbolic of any inspiration He sends to our heart to do a good deed. "Behold I stand at the door and knock." He may use anything as an inspiration. To some this page may be one of His inspirations. Every good work should have our hearty approval. It should also have our help, if we can afford to give it. To help the Chinese Missions is not to throw something to a begging charity. It is a high privilege. Please regard it is such!

In helping the Missions you are extending the boundaries of Christ's Kingdom, you are bringing His grace to souls for whom He died, you are supporting the arms of His unselfish Missionaries, you are storing up treasure for eternity, you are working with Christ, who deigns not only to accept your help but even to need it!

CATECHISTS

A Catechist is absolutely necessary in every Chinese village, where there are only a few Catholics. His office is to teach Christian Doctrine, to preside at the public prayers when the priest cannot be present, to visit the sick, and baptize the dying. The sum of \$15.00 monthly will support a Catechist and permit him to give all his time to the work of the mission.

MISSION-CIRCLES

A mission-Circle is a group of persons who are interested in the missions and who contribute a definite sum every week for the missions. A Senior Circle is composed of men and women. A Junior Circle is composed of boys and girls. Why not start a Circle today. Write for further information.

OUR MISSIONARIES

Passionist Missionaries now laboring in China are:

Father Dominic Langenbacher
Father Celestine Rodden
Father Agatho Purtill
Father Raphael Vance
Father Paul Ubinger
Father Kevin Murray
Father Flavian Mullins
Father Timothy McDermott

Designated gifts and contributions for individual missionaries will be promptly forwarded.

MITE BOXES AND DIME BANKS

An easy way of helping the Missions is to patronize the Mite-Box or Dime-Bank. Coins dropped into these will not be missed. We have one ready for you. A card will fetch it by return mail. Write the card now!

BUILDINGS

Buildings are urgently needed in the Passionist Missions in Hu-

nan. Approximate cost of building:

A CHAPEL.....\$ 500.00
A SCHOOL..... 1,000.00
AN ORPHANAGE.... 5,000.00

Donors have the privilege of naming the building. What an honor to be allowed to erect a

HERE AND NOW!

We all wish to do something for God and Souls.

The difficulty with many of us is that we don't know how. On this page you will find some helpful hints. Read them carefully.

We are not ignorant—we know the True God. Help to bring the knowledge of Him to the pagans of China! We are rich—none of us is starving. Give something to feed the famine-stricken poor of China!

We have all the treasures of our Catholic Faith. Do something to bring that Faith, with its blessings, to the unfortunate Chinese!

Thoughtfulness and forgetfulness are the main reasons for many a neglected opportunity.

We often dream of doing big things which we'll probably never be able to do; and we fail to do the many little things that we can easily do. If your means are limited, don't think about building a chapel or school or orphanage. Just send us a nickel or a dime to buy a few bricks! Every gift to the Missions, no matter how small, will be gratefully received.

home for the Blessed Sacrament, or a school where Christ's religion is taught or an institution where the poor, the sick and the orphan are cared for in His Name! What better memorial to a deceased father or mother!

BRICKS

You may not be able to donate the money for an entire building. You can contribute to one. How about buying some bricks. They're cheap.

ONE BRICK—ONE CENT!

TRIP-SPONSORS

Trip-Sponsors pay the traveling expenses of the Missionaries from America to China. Expenses amount to about \$500.00. In a few months we shall have at least four more Missionaries going to China. Who will be the first Trip-Sponsor?

BABIES

You know what a Baby is. But (thank God!) you are not familiar with starving and abandoned Babies. These are very common in China. An abandoned Baby can be rescued for \$5.00. A starving Baby can be fed for \$5.00 a month. "As long as you did it to the least of My brethren, you did it unto Me!"

NO POCKETS

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At Close of Business, December 30, 1922

RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds	\$1,780,911.36
Mortgages	1,060,203.41
Loans (Demand and Time) ..	155,850.00
Bills Purchased	783,625.17
Banking House	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures	1.00
Cash on Hand	69,514.90
Due from Banks	252,434.18
Accrued Interest	31,287.05
	\$4,219,068.29

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Profits	103,571.34
Deposits	3,815,496.95
	\$4,219,068.29

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